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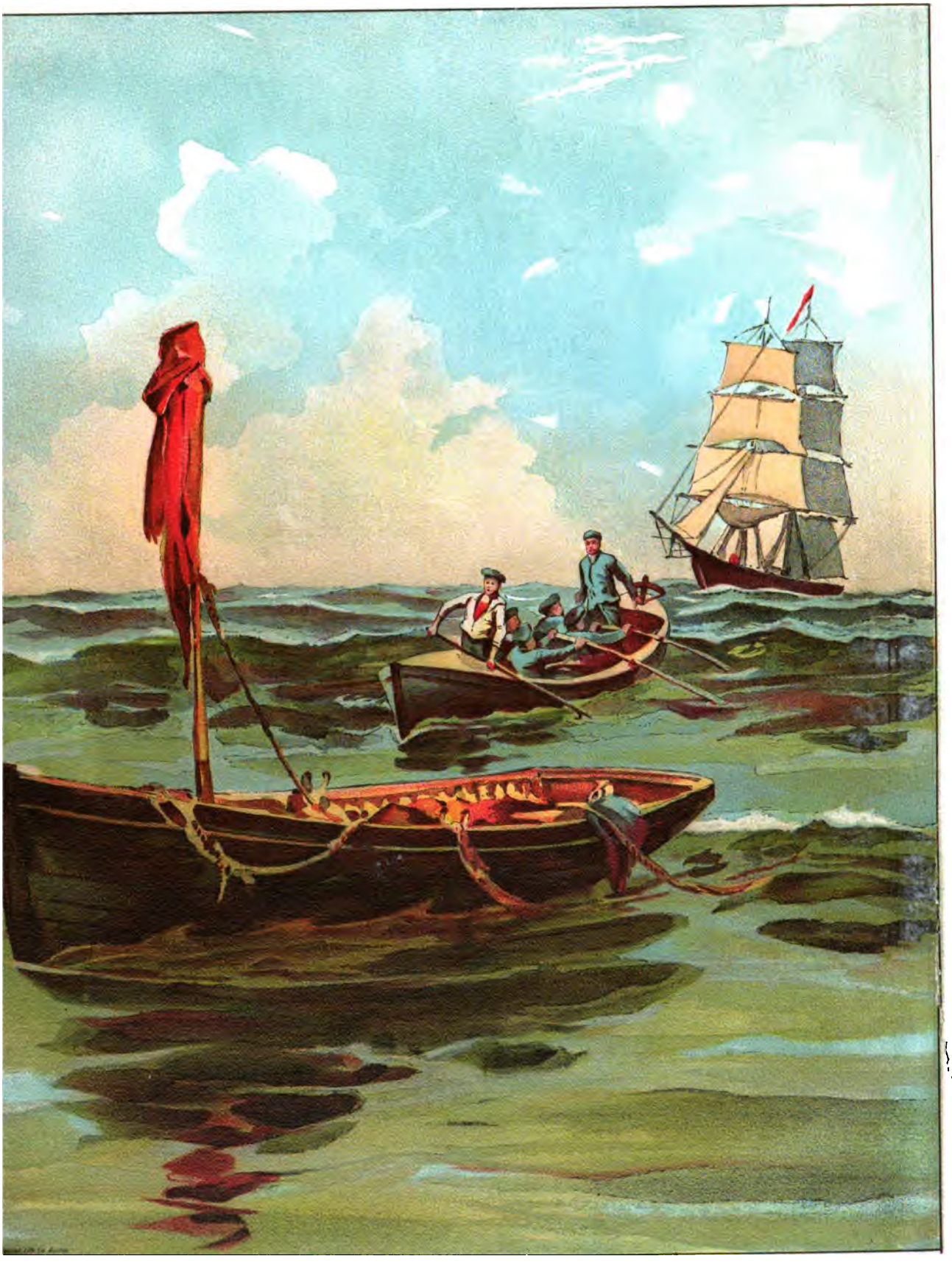

The CHATTERBOX Book of Soldiers and Sailors

Edited by
ANNA ROBINSON

With Illustrations
By HARRISON WEIR and others

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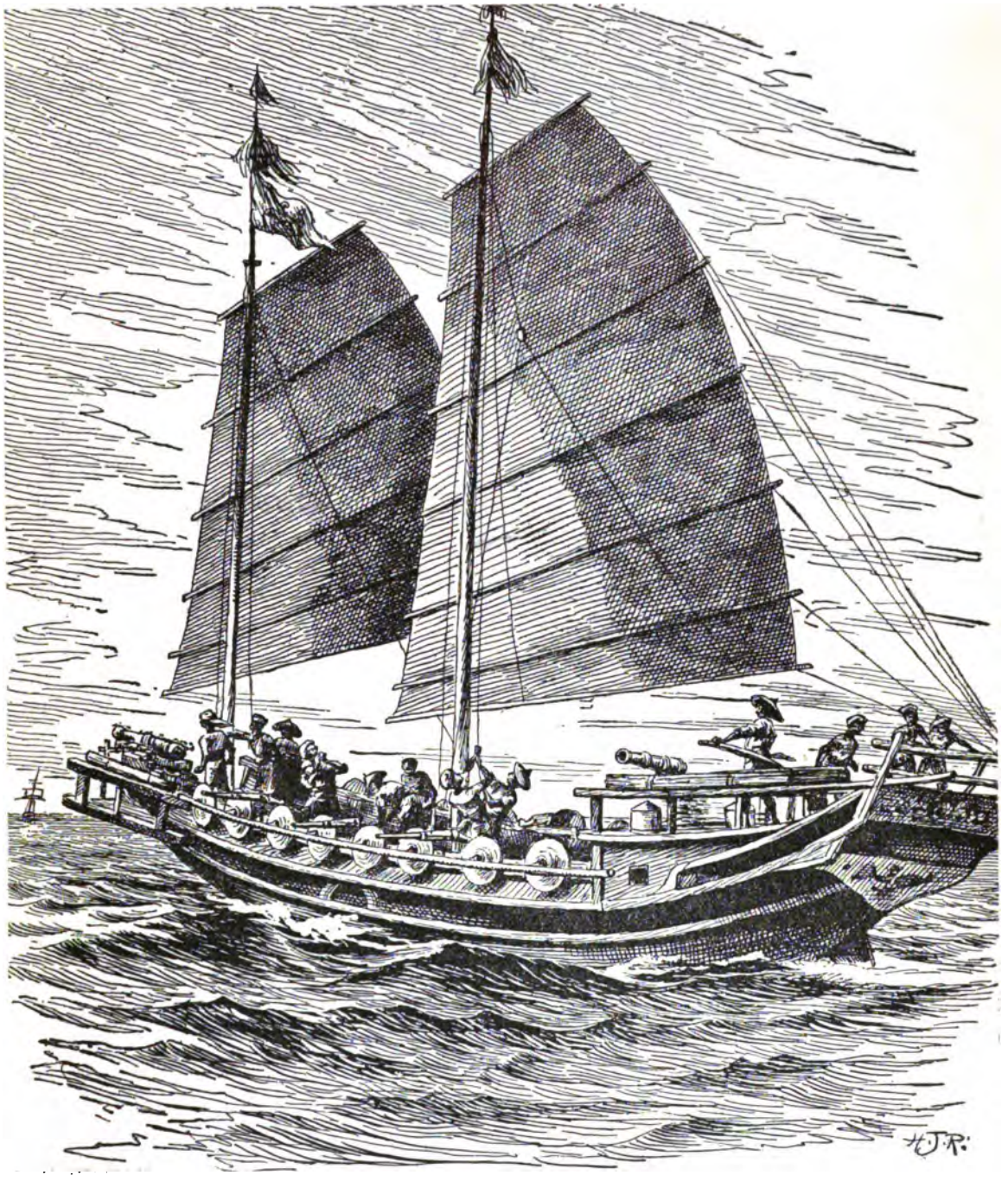
ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY

BOBBY had just come to live in London. The next day he went to school with Tom, who lived close by. After school Tom said, "I say, Bobby, let's go around by the Mall." So on they went to Whitehall. And there, on either side of the archway leading to the Mall, stood what seemed to Bobby the very grandest looking men he had ever seen. They wore gorgeous uniforms, shining helmets, and jack boots. And their mustaches were almost as heavy as the plumes upon their helmets. Bobby gazed up at them in awe, while Tom told him all about them, — how they belonged to the "Household Cavalry," whose special duty it was to protect the king and the royal family. They are the finest regiment in the English army.

H.J. Rhodes.

A PIRATE SHIP

ONE of papa's Chinese coolies told me that once when he was a seaman the ship that he was on was chased and almost captured by a pirate proa. Wo Fang says that pirate ships come on like the wind. And all along her sides were hung shields and at both ends were brass cannon. Her great sails made of palm leaves were all set. "Ship ahoy," shouted the captain of the pirate proa, only he said it in Malay words. But the "Dragon of Gold" just crowded on more sail, even when a shot from the pirate ship crashed across her bow. And although the shots from the proa's guns tore her rigging and sails, the friendly wind soon carried her beyond reach of them.

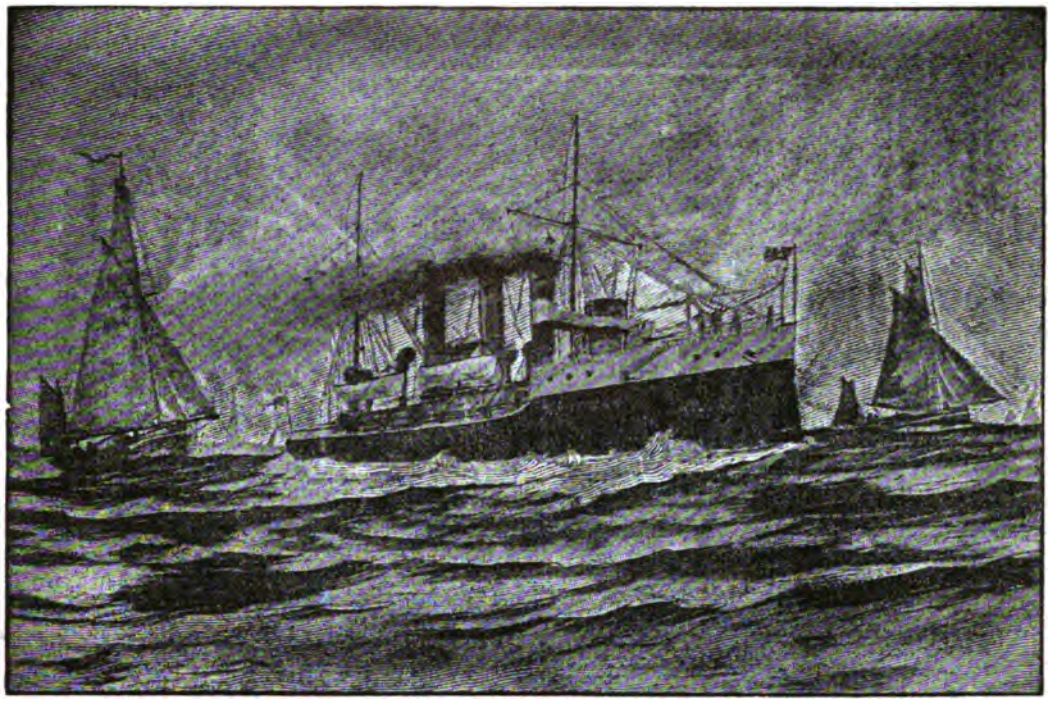

H.J.R.

"THE LOCH OF THE SWORDS"

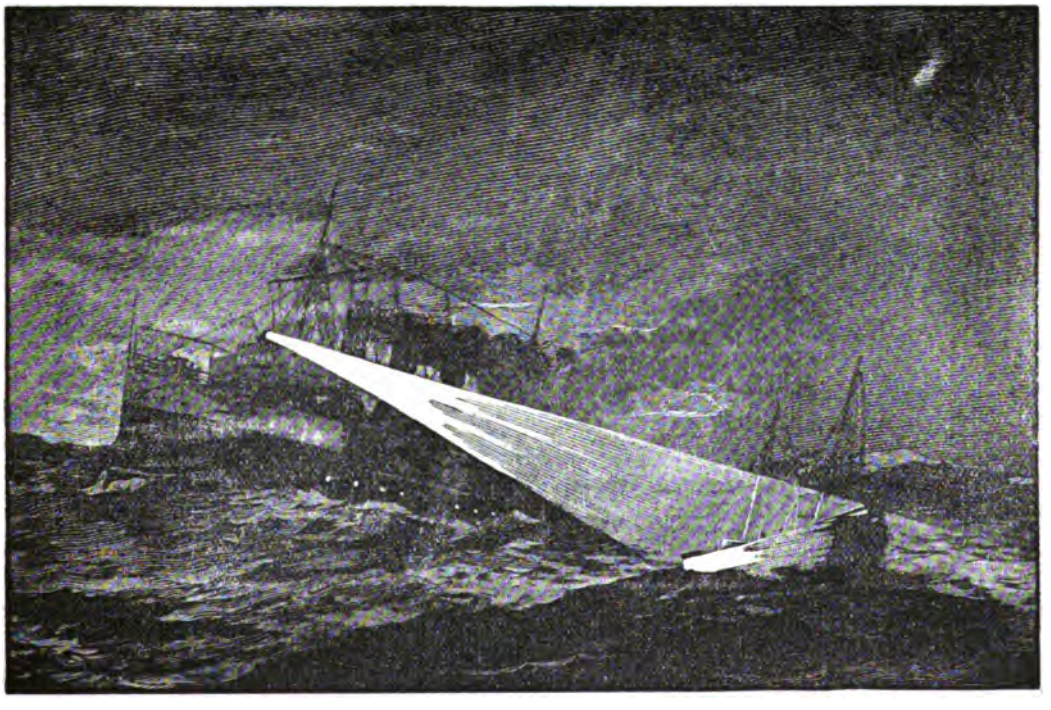
LOCHIEL and Athol were two Scottish chieftains, continually at war with each other. At last they realized how foolish they were. So they met one day by a little lake in a mountain glen. First saluting the man who had long been his foe, Lochiel flung his sword far into the lake. The Earl of Athol then drew his sword and did the same. Then they shook hands and agreed to be friends forever after. The little lake in the mountains where they met is called "Loch of the Swords" to this day.

THE "SPEEDY"

UP and down the North Sea, cruising among the brown-sailed fishing fleets, sails his Majesty's ship the "Speedy," the finest of all the English "ocean policemen." Back and forth, day and night, she goes. By day keen-eyed men watch from her lookout. And by night her great search-light sweeps the sea in all directions. Any foreign fishing boat coming within three miles of shore is called upon to explain her presence at once. And many a time its broad search-light has revealed some foreign ship stealing up under cover of the darkness to fill its nets with the forbidden fish. It is no wonder that the English fishermen in the North Sea feel secure when the "Speedy" protects their interest.



An Ocean Policeman by Day.



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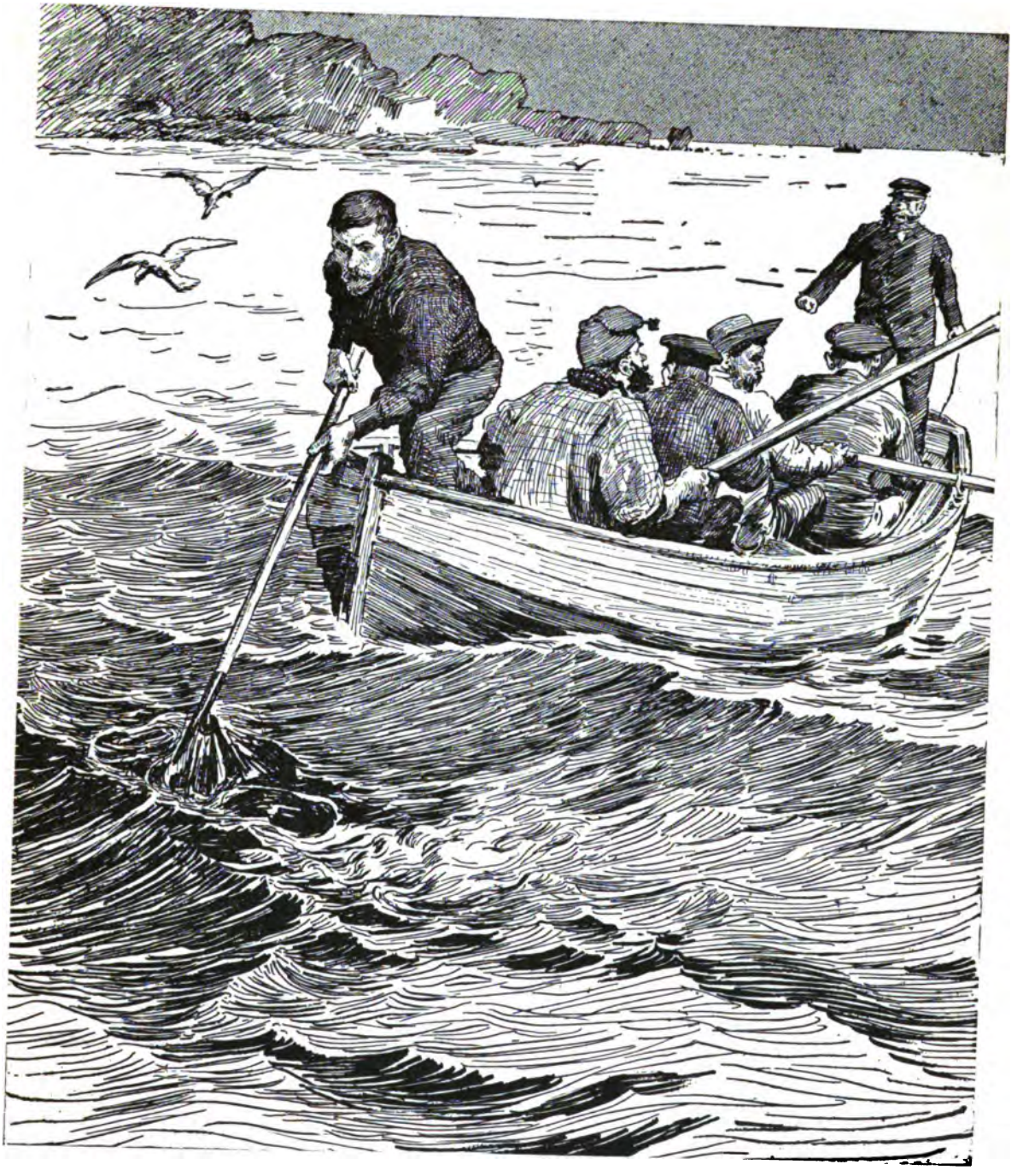
THE ANSWER

THE Earl of Pembroke had long besieged Harlech Castle, in Wales. At last he sent one of his knights with the message to Danydd, who so bravely defended the fortress, that if he would surrender, he should have much gold and broad lands in England. "Tell your master, and his King," thundered Danydd, "there is not gold enough, or land enough in all the world to buy me. We are a handful, and you are many. But a Welchman dies at his post. He never surrenders!"

JUST IN TIME

"THERE isn't a man on this boat can see as far as Martin," said the captain of the fisherman, "Lucy B.," as he filled his pipe again. "Why, one day last summer, when we were anchored off Rocky Point, Martin said to me, pointing to some rocks up the harbor, 'Something has just fallen over those cliffs, sir!' 'Nonsense,' I said, 'it was a gull diving into the water.' So we took a dory and rowed to the place on the rocks where he thought he had seen something fall into the sea. And there, sure enough, was something — it looked like a bundle of clothes floating on the water. Martin grappled it with his boat hook. And I tell you, sir, 'twas a little boy who had climbed too far toward the edge of the cliff and fallen over. Five minutes more and we'd have been too late."



THE MASCOT

"THERE'S not a dog in the service like our Mascot, 'Corporal Trim,'" said Sergeant Lucia of the 17th, stroking the collie's head. "Want to hear how we found him? Well, one day we were after some Filipinos that had raided a village, killed or captured the people and burnt all the houses. As we went up the little street we saw the 'Corporal' lying on the doorstep in front of one of the ruined houses. He was keeping watch over his dead master and mistress inside. He was mighty glad to see us, I can tell you. We petted him and bound up his wounds. And since then, he's been the Mascot of the 17th."

THE CAPTURE

ONLY last summer an artist was cruising along the rocky shore of southern Spain. His boat was filled with food and painting materials. He went on land to paint a picture of the great cliffs, leaving his boat safely moored. As he disappeared a party of Moors leaped from a cave in the rocks, jumped into the boat, and were soon on board a small schooner lying in the bay. Presently the artist was seen running toward the shore. But he was unarmed, and Ali, who was standing in the bow of the boat, had a long rifle. So there was nothing for the poor fellow to do but to wait on shore and signal some friendly craft for aid. It soon came, but he never saw his boat and what it carried again.

CYRUS, KING OF PERSIA

ONCE there was a King of Persia,
Very brave and good,
Ruling o'er his realm with kindness,
As a monarch should.

But of all his countless titles,
That he loved the best
Was the sacred name of "Father,"
Given by those he blessed.

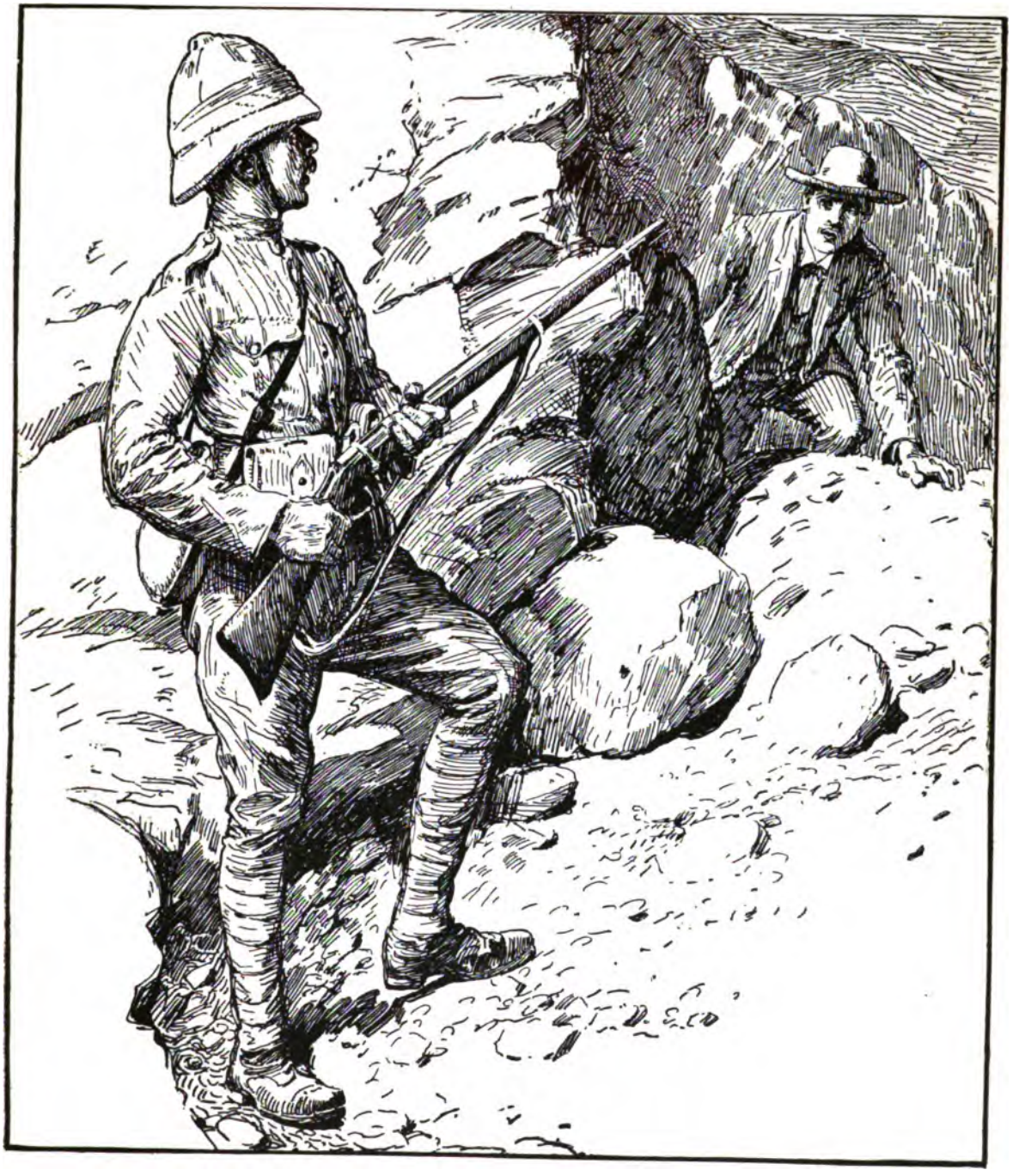
On his tomb at Pasargadal,
Crumbling to decay,
"I'm Cyrus, King of Persia,"
One can read to-day.

A BRAVE LAD

IN the days when "Good Queen Anne" sat on the English throne, there was a little orphan boy on the Isle of Wight who ran away to sea. Soon after the ship on which he was met a French cruiser. A battle followed. "I wish this battle was over," said the little boy from the Isle of Wight. "So do I," said one of the cannoneers, "but it won't be, lad, until this French ship strikes her colors." The two ships were locked together. Swift as an arrow the boy darted through the smoke, crept upon the French ship, climbed to her masthead, tore down the flag and carried it back through the smoke and flame to the commander of the English ship. "Here are the French colors, sir," he said, saluting. "And now the battle's over and we've won." The little lad became the famous Admiral Hopson.

THE DISPATCHES

SERGEANT JAMESON had volunteered to carry dispatches through the Boer lines to the English troops trying to relieve Ladysmith. The dispatches were at the bottom of a box of sandwiches. Jameson was climbing over a kopje within sight of the English lines when suddenly he was halted by a Boer picket. Jameson wore citizens' clothes, and declared he was a farmer going to the town beyond. The Boer searched him, but found nothing suspicious upon him. "Have a sandwich?" asked Jameson. The Boer took one, and then another, and then another. There was only one sandwich left. But the Boer, though rough, was polite. "I'll leave one for you," he laughed; "you'll need it before you get to Weeden." Before night the dispatches were within the English lines.



CATAMARANS

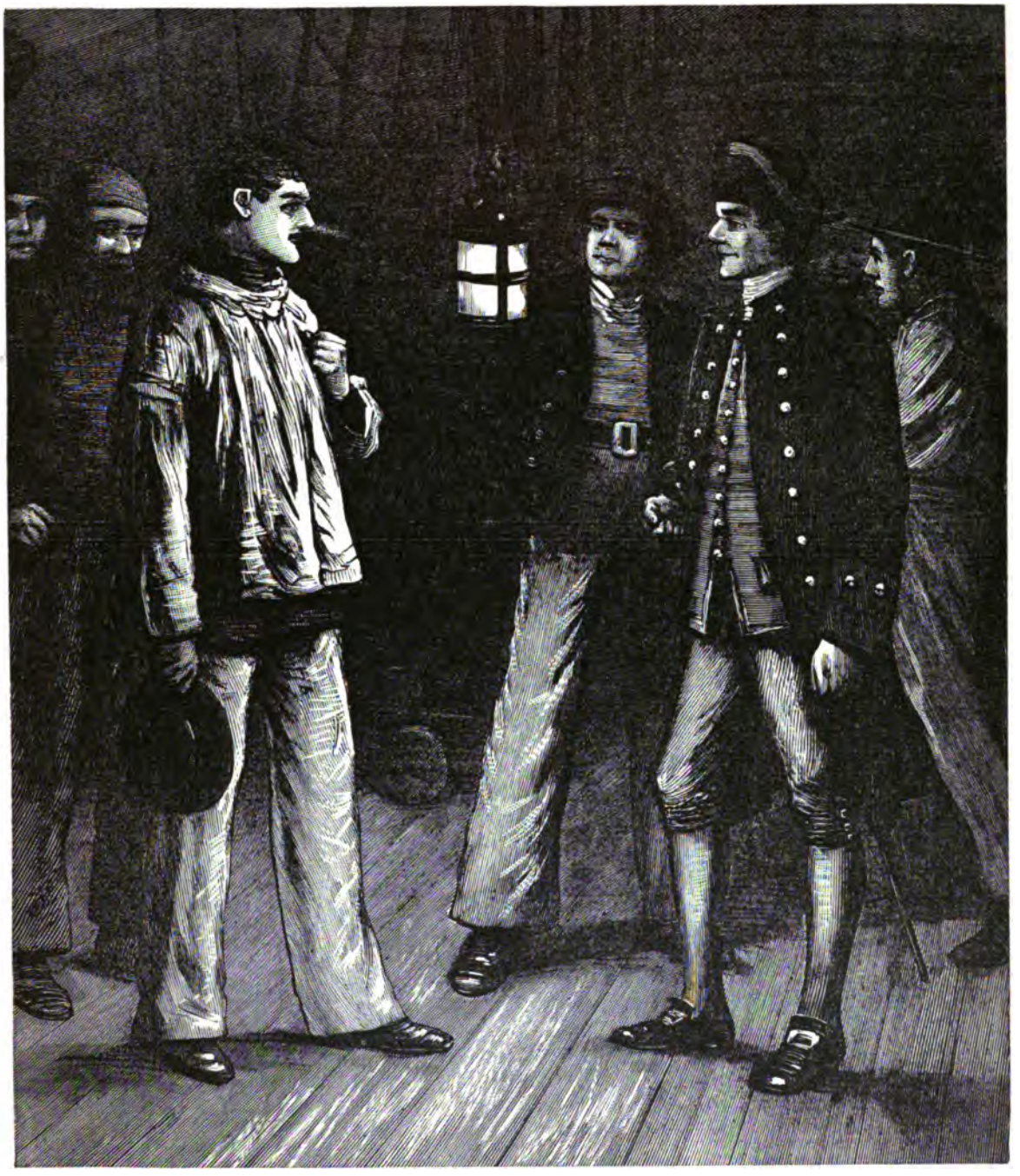
WHEN we were anchored off Madras it was fun watching the natives ride the great breakers on their frail catamarans, made of logs loosely lashed together. Over the crest of the great waves the catamarans would slip safely when many a better built boat would have swamped. Afterward, in the harbor of Rio Janeiro, I saw some strange looking objects sailing near us. "What are those?" I asked a sailor close by me. "Catamarans, sir," he said. They were not much like those I saw at Madras. The Brazilian catamarans were made of inflated skins, with a platform across them and a tiny mast and sail. The natives would heap the platform with fruit and then go from ship to ship, selling it.

A BRAVE DEFENCE

FAR away in the Philippine Islands is many an outpost of our army whose garrison consists of only a few men, commanded by a lieutenant. One day a few years ago Private Nolan was pacing back and forth before one of the lonely outposts. Suddenly he saw a horseman galloping toward the little shelter, too broken down to be called a fort. "The Talus are on their way to attack you," he shouted as he drew near. The soldiers hastily built a barricade of bags of rice and meal and boxes of provisions. Scarcely was it finished when with fierce war-cries the Talus were upon them. "Steady, boys, steady," cried Lieutenant Ray coolly, "and whatever happens save the colors." There were twenty Talus to one American. But the men behind the barricade fought bravely, and at night the Talus withdrew, and over the three men still alive proudly floated "Old Glory."

TOM'S RUSE

"HOW is this?" said the captain of an English frigate, looking over the crew of a French fishing boat just captured. "You are English, my man. How came you to be fighting against your King?" "I wasn't," laughed Tom Paxton; "the French captured me a month ago and because I knew every inch of the English Channel used me for skipper to-night. So it didn't take me long to run into the path of your ship, the French thinking something was wrong in the steering gear." "They would have killed you if they had found out," said the Captain. "Of course," said Tom simply, "but I had to risk that." "You are a brave lad," said the Captain.



CORPORAL TIM'S STRATEGY

"WONDER if there's any of them Rooshians in the bushes yonder," said Private Riley to Corporal Hunt as they were crouching behind one of the earth barricades thrown up before Sebastopol. "I'll soon find out," answered Corporal Hunt. He took off his helmet and put it on the top of his musket. Then he knelt close to the barricade and lifted the musket so that his helmet just showed above the breast-work. The instant it appeared—crash came a Russian bullet, going straight through the helmet. "Well, we've found out," he laughed, putting the riddled helmet back upon his head.

THE "LUCY FOSTER"

THE fishing schooner "Lucy Foster" has discharged her load of cod at T Wharf, and now, the wind fair in her favor, is going home to Gloucester. Look! she is ploughing through the "Narrows" and soon will be on open sea. That is what the "Lucy Foster" and her sturdy crew like best. Plenty of water and plenty of wind. As they sail toward Eastern Point the crew sing lustily. Listen! you can hear them:—

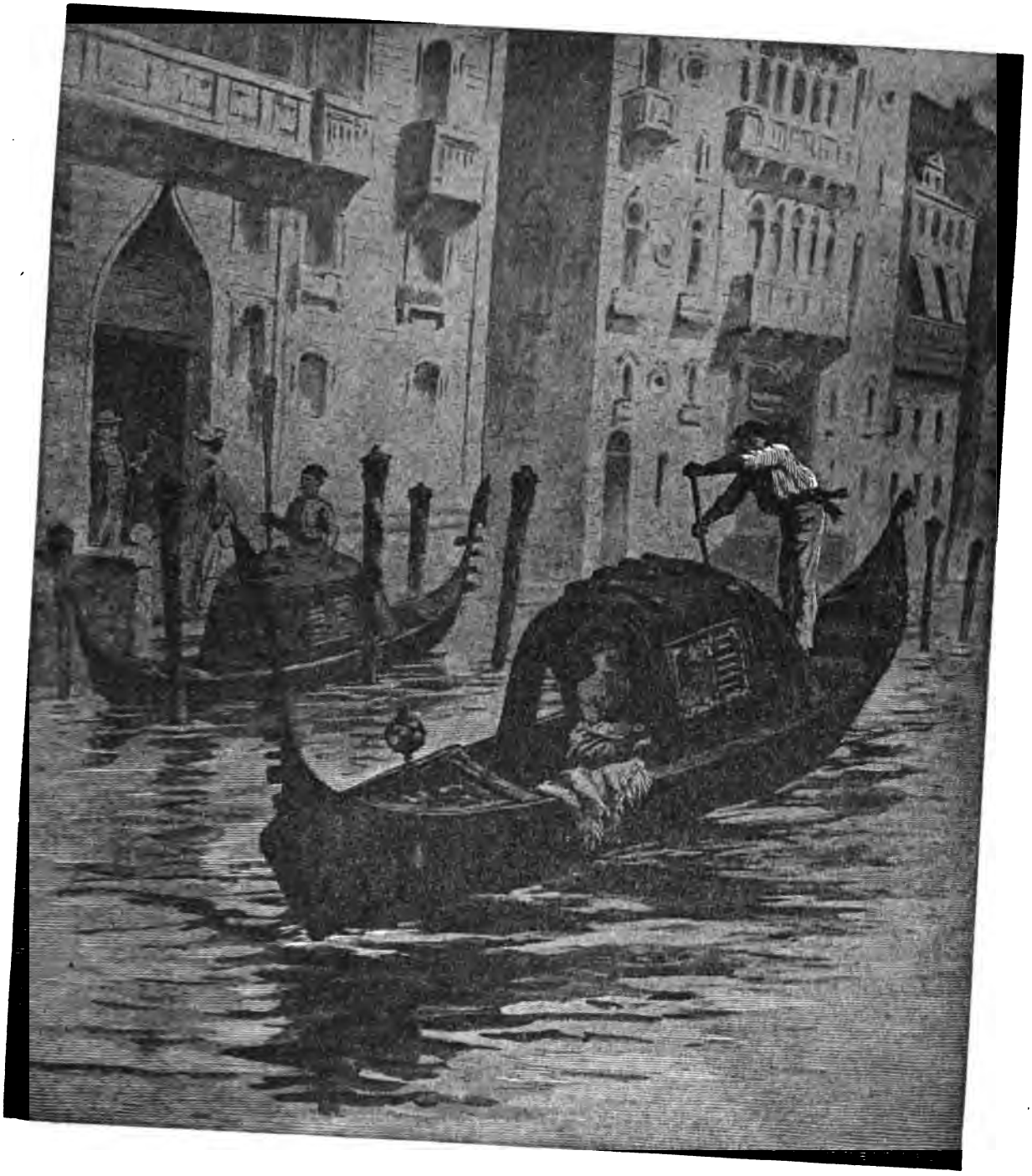
"Oh, she's the Lucy Foster,
She's the best boat out from Gloucester."

THE ANSWER

ONE day Louis XIV of France made a false move on the chess board. Greatly to his chagrin he lost the game. "It was because your Majesty made that false move," said his opponent, De Guise, wishing to appease the king. "I never make false moves, Monsieur," said the king haughtily. He looked around at the courtiers, who were silent, as if they agreed with him. As he was speaking the Duke of Bourbon came into the room. The king appealed to him. "Your Majesty must be wrong," said Bourbon calmly. "Why, Monsieur?" asked the astonished king. "Because," replied Bourbon, "I heard you appeal to these gentlemen, and they only answered by silence. If you had been right they would loudly have taken your part." And the king majestically admitted that for once he had made a mistake.

IN VENICE

THE first time I ever went to Venice it seemed so strange as we went into the station not to hear any noise. No crash of wheels on pavements, or clatter of horse's hoofs or rattle of electric cars. Just a soft splash of oars everywhere. And then when we crossed the platform to go to our hotel, there were the very boats, the gondolas, I had seen in pictures so many years, skimming back and forth over the canal. Afterward we had a gondola of our own, and "Francesco" for a gondolier. I got mighty fond of him, he was so cheerful and willing, and once he took me to his house. And there were his wife and his father and the dearest little baby. They called it a "bambino." Francesco's father was a gondolier, too.



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

MANY years after Nebuchadnezzar had died, Cyrus, King of Persia, tried to take Babylon, his armies under Darius laying siege to it. On the night of the 3d of July, five hundred and thirty-eight years before the Christ Child slept in the cattle-shed at Bethlehem Judea, Belshazzar, King of Babylon, gave a great feast. Suddenly in the midst of the revelry a hand was seen writing on the wall. None of the Babylonian wise men could read the writing. But Daniel the captive Jew did. "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting, O King," he read. And even as he spoke the words, the Medes and the Persians rushed into the city and Babylon was destroyed and Belshazzar the king slain.

THE DISCONTENTED SAILOR

JACK would be a sailor,
Sail the ocean blue.
With a ho-yo, ho-yo-ho,
Nothing else to do.

So he joined the squadron,
But he found full soon,
It was work, and work, and work,
Morning, night, and noon.

Polishing the brasses,
Scrubbing up the decks,
Climbing up the rigging,
Drenched from feet to neck.

"Tell you what," cried Jackie,
To his mate, Ted Brooks,
"'Tain't much like the sea life
That you read in books."

RUDOLPH'S ADVENTURE

RUDOLPH was out in the woods looking for berries. Suddenly a squad of soldiers came from the thick bushes. One of them seized Rudolph by the arm. "A spy, a spy," he said gruffly, thinking it a joke to frighten the little fellow. Just then an officer galloped up. Dismounting, he asked Rudolph why he looked so frightened. "Because," answered Rudolph, "one of the men said I was a spy, and I'm just a little boy looking for berries." "Of course," said the officer kindly, bending down and patting the boy's shoulder. Rudolph was not frightened any more. "Do you know the way to Glanchan?" asked the officer. "Why, yes," said the boy, delighted to serve the officer, "I live there." So the men set out for Glanchan, Rudolph leading the way proudly. And when the men entered the garrison at Glanchan, Rudolph, a bright new penny in his pocket, ran home as fast as ever he could, to tell his mother all about his adventure.

THE COMMANDER'S MORNING SHAVE

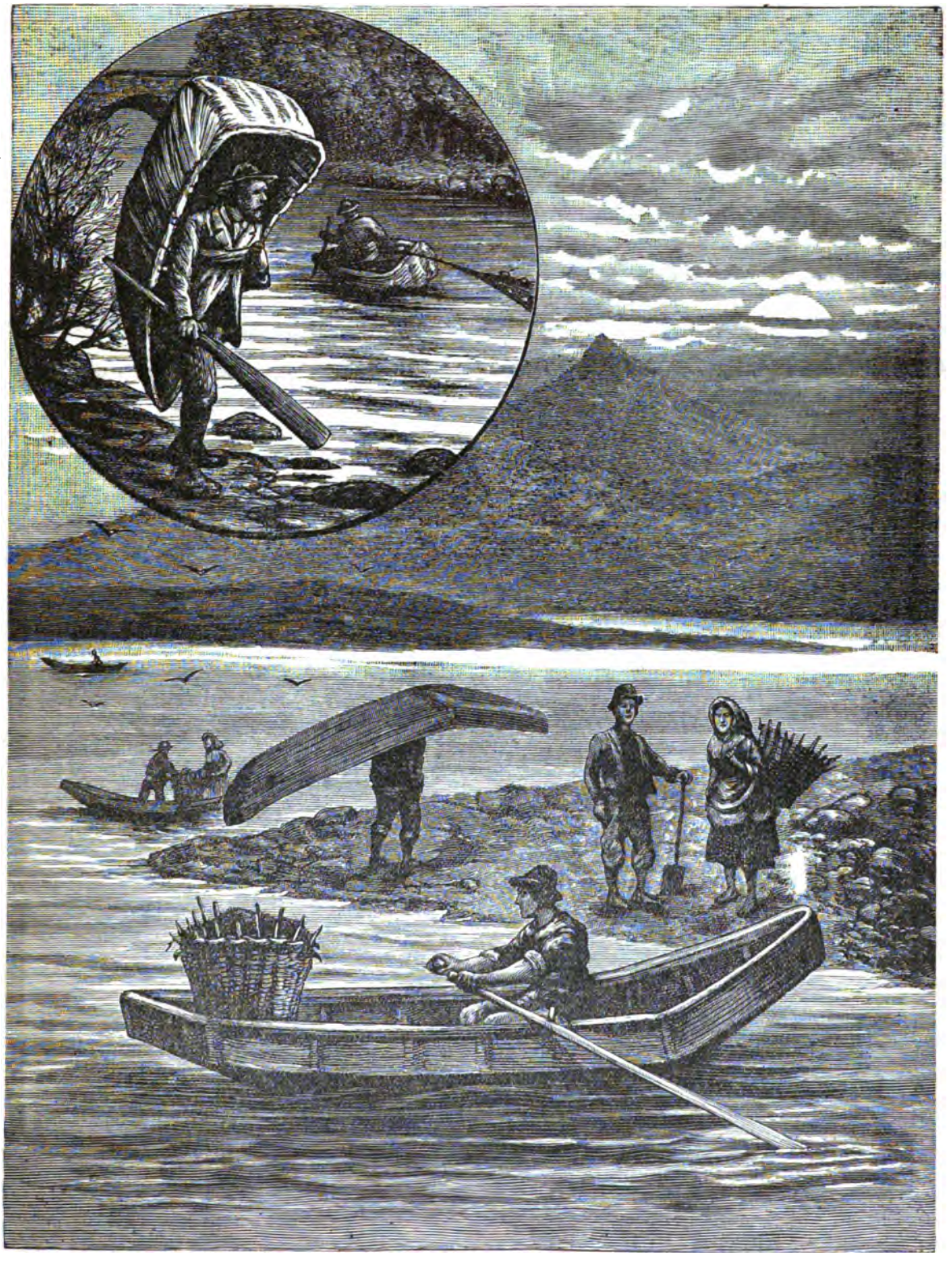
MANY years ago the sailor earl, Lord Dundonald, commanded his Majesty's ship the "Speedy." Now the "Speedy" was very much overcrowded and Lord Dundonald's cabin was not much larger than a closet. So when he wished to shave he used to slip aside the skylight and put his shaving materials on the quarter-deck. Then each morning he shaved himself carefully and comfortably, enjoying the fine air, keeping an eye out for the French ships, and chatting kindly with the young officers as they passed back and forth across the deck.

A HARD DUTY

IT was in the Franco-Prussian war, when the French were besieging Sevres. "Jean," called Captain Lefebre to one of the tall artillerymen, "aim at that little cottage, down there among those poplars." Crash went the cannon. The cottage was blown to pieces. "Good shot," laughed the captain, "you never miss your mark, Jean." But when he turned to the artilleryman, he saw tears rolling down his cheeks. "What's the matter, man?" asked the captain. "That was my house," Jean answered. "It was all I had in the world." Then he straightened himself and saluted. "Vive l'Empereur," he cried.

CORACLES

I NEVER heard of a "coracle" till last night, when Nurse was putting me to bed and was telling me stories of when she was a little girl in Ireland. Her father had a coracle, a queer boat made of skins, and he used to go out in it fishing. I said I shouldn't think it would be very safe. "Safe is it?" said Nurse, "there isn't a boat made so safe as the coracles on the shores of the auld counthrie. And that handy! Why, if you're fishin' on a river and you come to any rapids all you have to do is to take the coracle on your back, and walk along the bank, and there you are. Safe is it, Master Paul? They are the safest boats ever!" I was telling papa about it this morning, and he said these little boats were used not only in Ireland but all over the world.



SETI MENEPHTHAH II

NOW of the many children of Rameses II his thirteenth son, Seti Menephthah, was the best loved, and when Rameses II died he chose him for his successor. But it was a bad choice. For the Pharaoh Seti Menephthah was not only cruel but, as is often true with cruel people, he was a coward. And from his accession to the throne dates the downfall of the old "Land of Khem." He was the Pharaoh before whom Moses stood, beseeching the King to let the children of Israel depart in peace from Egypt. The Pharaoh over whose chariots and army rolled the waves of the Red Sea, when having allowed the Hebrews to leave Egypt, and then changing his mind, he pursued them furiously.

THE "NANCY DEAR"

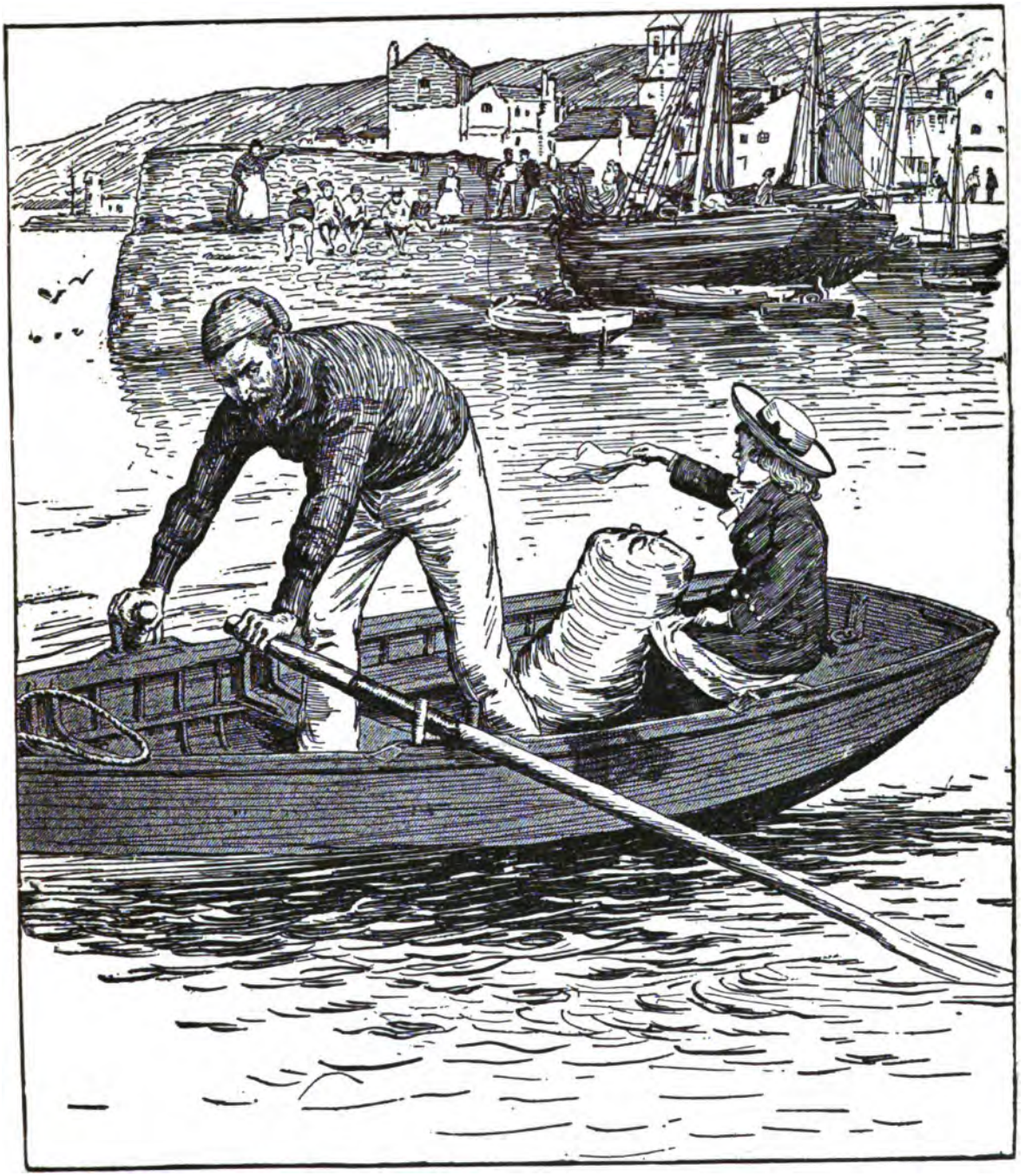
OF all the boats that sail from this pier,
The swiftest and best is the "Nancy Dear."

And every day, when the sky is blue,
Ben the skipper ships me for a crew,

And rows us down to the outer light,
And even beyond when the wind is light.

And while he fishes he tells me tales,
Of porpoises 'most as big as whales,

That come to the top of the sea and blow,
Till the sails of the ships must be reefed, you know.



A GOOD SON

WHEN Napoleon was at Boulogne preparing to invade England, John Ingram, an English fisherman, was captured. Escaping from his prison he built a frail boat of twigs and osiers and started out to the English Channel. He was captured and taken to the French Emperor. "Who is there, my lad, in England," said the great Napoleon kindly, pointing to the leaky craft, "worth taking such a risk as that for?" "My mother," answered Ingram proudly, saluting the Emperor. Napoleon was so pleased with the English lad's devotion to his mother that he had him sent under a flag of truce to one of the English frigates, and upon it he reached England and his mother in safety.

WHAT PAPA HEARD

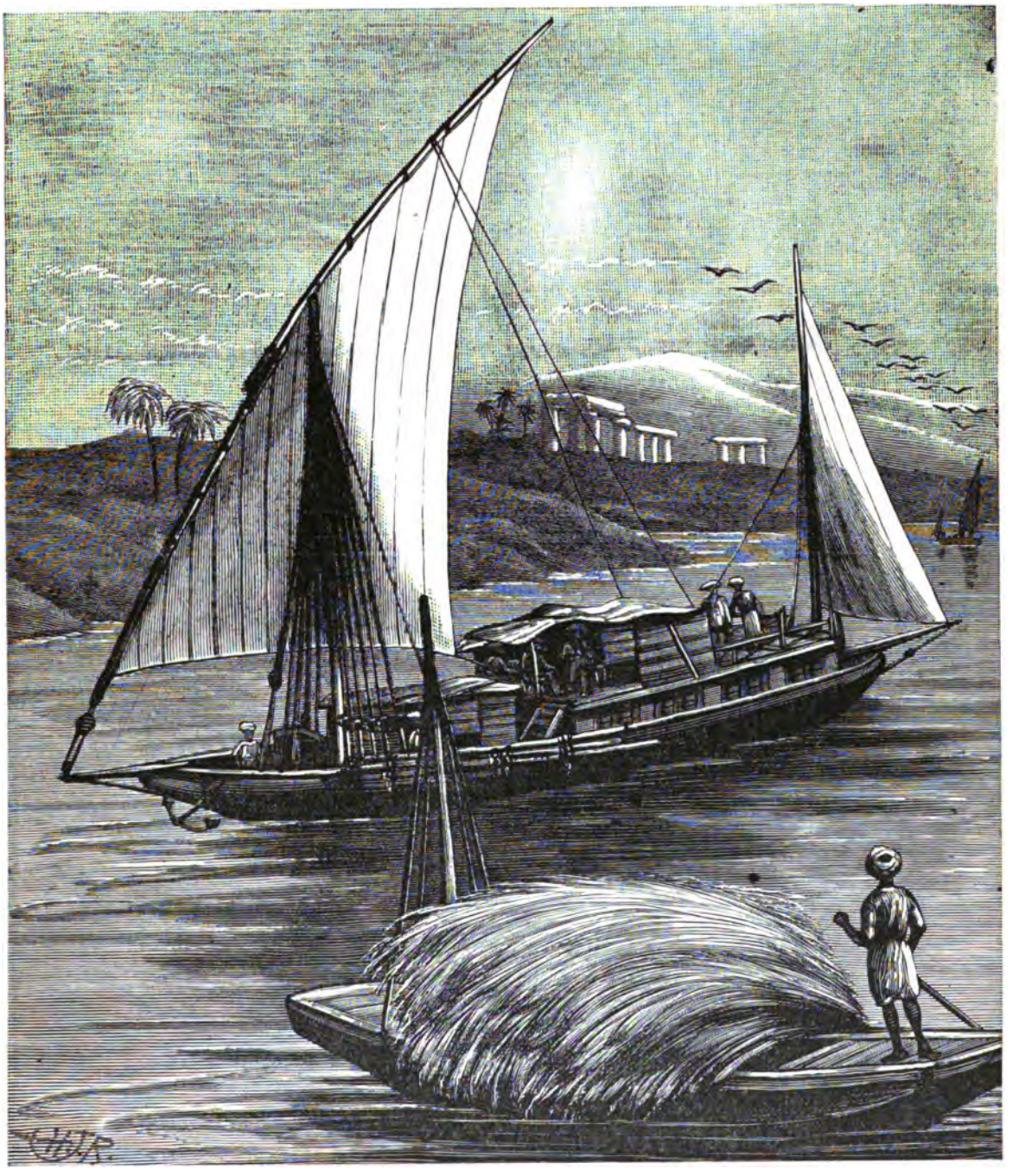
TIM our skipper was going along the dock the other day. He passed two men sawing a great log. Each pulled and pulled, but they did not seem to make much impression on the log. Tim stood still, and watched them a few moments. Then papa, who was near by, heard him say, "Well, if you fellers would try as hard to saw the log as you are trying to pull the saw out of each other's hands, you'd soon be through with that job." The men laughed, but looked sheepish, and it was very soon after that that one end of the log fell with a thud upon the dock.

A CLEVER ESCAPE

GRANDPA was in the Army of the Potomac all through the Civil War. At the Battle of Cold Harbor, a spent musket ball struck and stunned him. When he came to himself, he was a prisoner. He was taken to Libby prison. Before he went to the war he had been a tailor. The commander of the prison found this out. He bought some gray cloth and trimmings and things and told Grandpa to make a suit for him. The day before the commander came to get it, Grandpa put it on and calmly walked out of the prison, the sentries saluting respectfully as he passed. Then he jumped on a horse that was waiting for some Confederate officer visiting the prison, and galloped swiftly out of Richmond.

A DAHABIYEH

FOR thousands of years these boats have drifted like white-winged birds up and down the sacred river of Egypt, the Nile. Some of them are roughly built, but many are more beautiful, without and within. One of the finest of them to-day is owned by an American who has for years been interested in the excavation of the ruined tombs and temples on the banks of the Nile. He has for his steward or general manager an Englishman named "Hawkins," so pompous in his manner that he amuses travellers as much as he overawes the natives. "My boat," he is in the habit of calling the "Rameses," the fine dahabiyeh owned by the American.

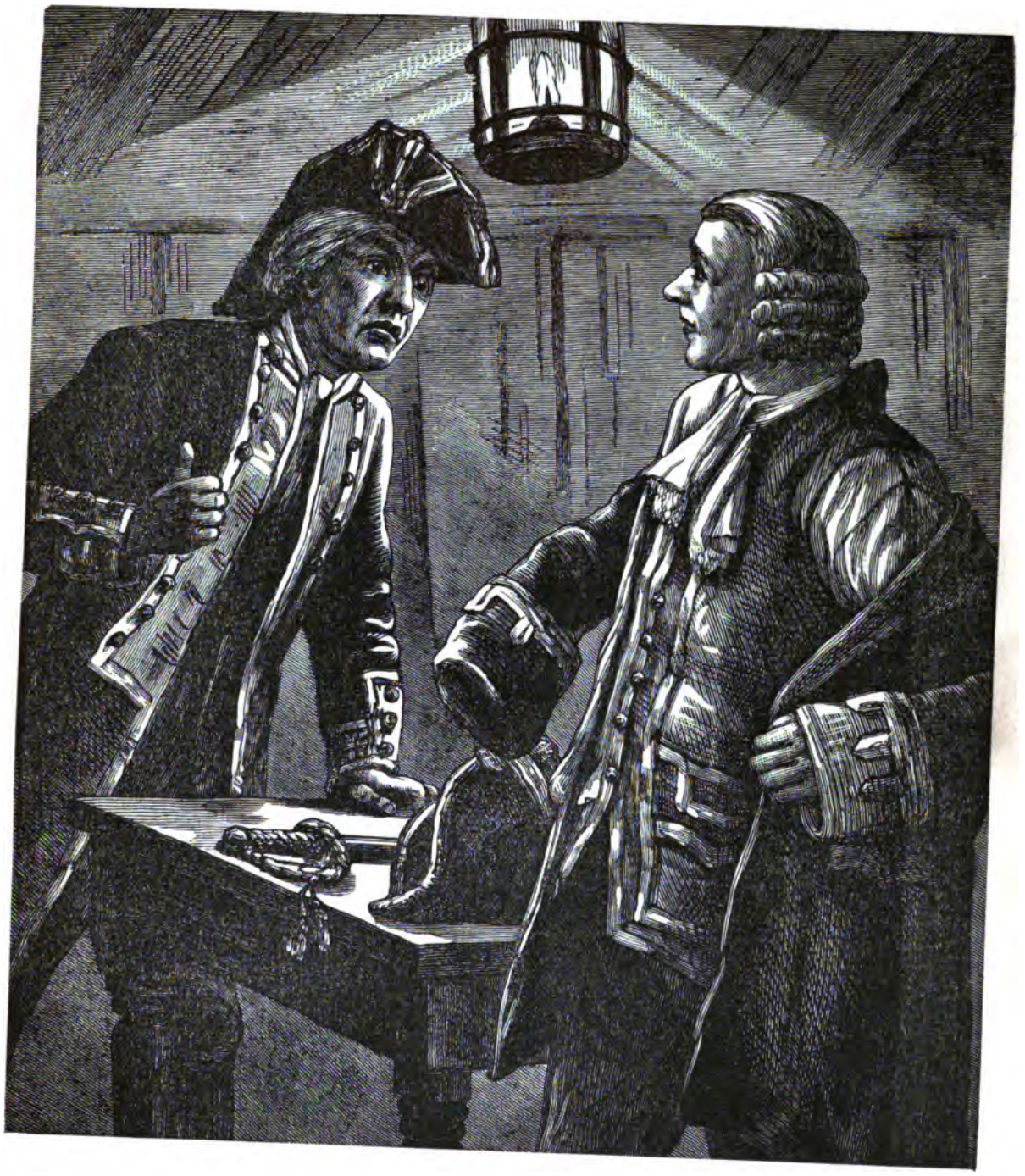


A FAITHFUL FRIEND

ALL through that Christmas eve dinner Captain Hartwell noticed that his favorite drummer boy Peter was scarcely eating anything, and was very sober, while all around were laughing and joking. After dinner Captain Hartwell went to where Peter sat and asked him what was the matter. "I'm all right, sir," said Peter, "only I'm sorry like for Dickie. He's my chum in Company K, and he's on picket to-night and won't have any Christmas dinner." The captain ordered a big bag to be brought, and gave it to Peter. "Fill it, lad," he said kindly, "and when your chum comes in from picket, give it to him." Peter looked up in the captain's face and laughed happily. "That I will, thank you, sir," he said.

LORD HOWE'S REPLY

"HURRY, sir, hurry," cried frightened Lieutenant Tryon to Admiral Howe. "The ship is on fire and the flames are almost to the powder magazine." Then he rushed on deck again. Now Admiral Lord Howe was a leisurely man. Besides, he knew his sailors would never let the flames quite reach the magazine. So he dressed as slowly as usual. Just as he was drawing on his scarlet coat the lieutenant rushed back. "Sir," he panted, "you needn't be afraid. The fire is out." "Afraid, sir," he thundered, gazing straight at the lieutenant's face white with fear, "I do not know how it feels to be afraid. But I know how it looks."

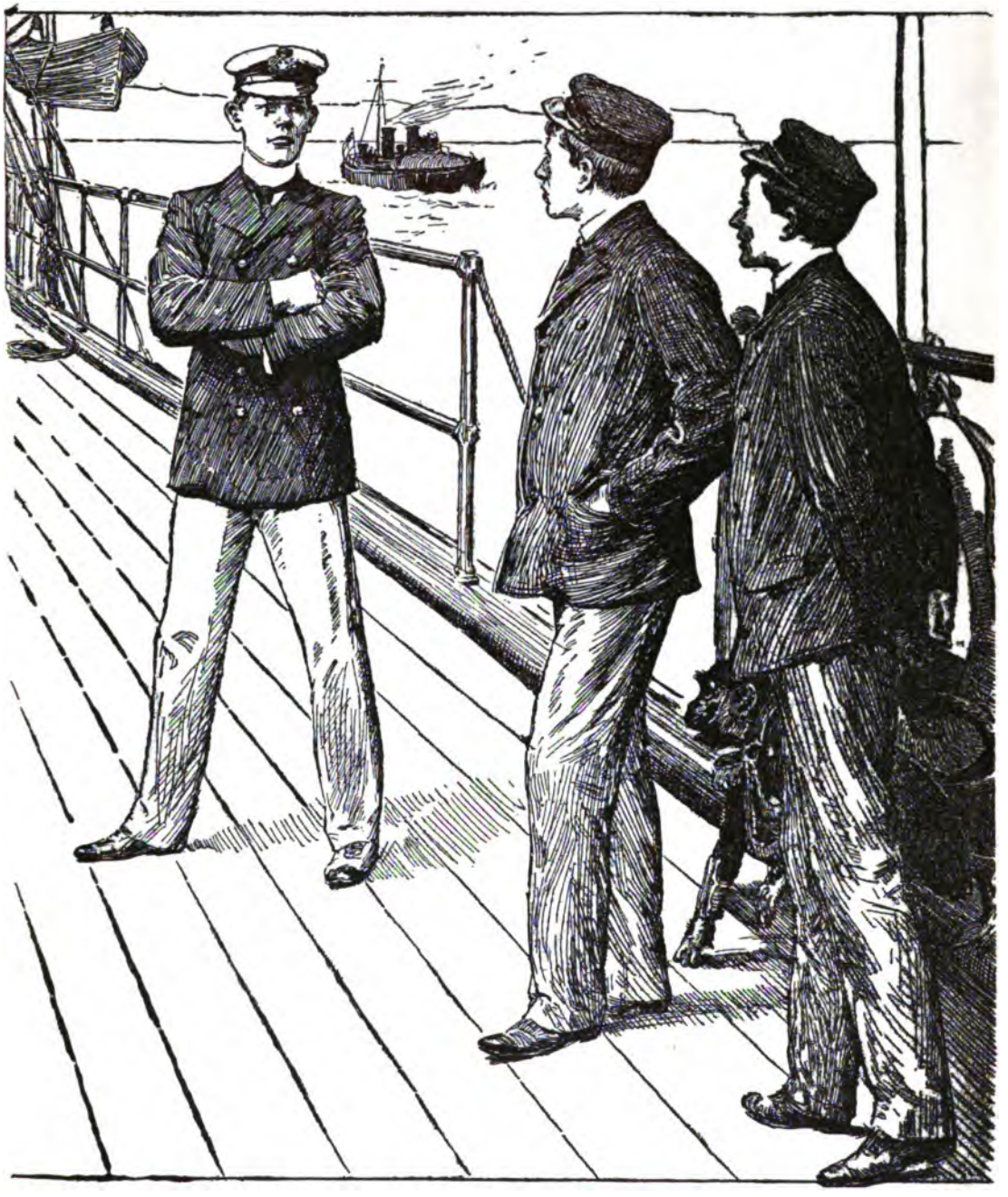


THE RESCUE

IN the midst of the battle young Lieutenant Hale saw something white lying on the ground over which swept the shells of the opposing French and English armies. Looking more closely, he saw to his horror that it was a little child. With no thought in his brave heart but to save her, he sprang into the midst of the crashing shells. "Come back, come back," cried his men, who were very fond of Hale. But he kept straight on, picked up the terrified child, and, turning, carried her to a rough shelter near. Then he went back to his men as if nothing had happened. That is the way with really brave men. They are always modest.

A RUDE MIDSHIPMAN

THE strange midshipman had neglected to salute the quarterdeck when he came on board the "Sea Bird." Even Admiral Jim, crouching behind Graham and Jack, noticed that. "Where's your captain?" the middy demanded rudely of the boys. "When you've saluted the quarterdeck perhaps I'll tell you," calmly replied Graham. Jack moved a little closer to his brother, to be ready in case of need. Suddenly from behind them shot Admiral Jim and, springing to the midshipman's shoulder, tore off his cap and flung it on the deck. "Good for you, Jim," cried the brothers. "And as for you, sir," Graham said, turning toward the startled and angry midshipman, "I guess next time you board a ship, you'll remember to salute the quarterdeck."



IN TIME OF TRUCE

MY grandpa fought in the Crimean War. He often tells me stories about it. And one of the nicest is how, in times of truce, the soldiers of the armies fighting so bitterly against each other used to cross into each other's lines and have fine times talking, exchanging tobacco and coffee and newspapers, and telling stories.

Grandpa says he was riding along by a little stream, one day. And in the water were some Russian and French soldiers laughing and joking together and exchanging canteens to drink each other's healths. Suddenly the bugles sounded. In the distance the troops, now enemies, were in line of battle. In another instant they were charging each other furiously.

DON JAIME

LONG ago the Mediterranean Sea was infested by pirates. Up and down its stormy waters their galleys swept. No city upon the coast was safe from their attacks. One day the crew of one of these pirate ships landed at a little Spanish seaport, killed the inhabitants save a few young men, and burnt the town. Among these captured youths was Don Jaime, son of a Spanish noble. They were carried to the pirate ship and there treated cruelly. Don Jaime showed the greatest courage and patience of all, winning the love and respect of his companions. "We never could have lived through it," said one of them afterward to the captain of the English ship which rescued them, "had it not been for Don Jaime."

A ROYAL COOK

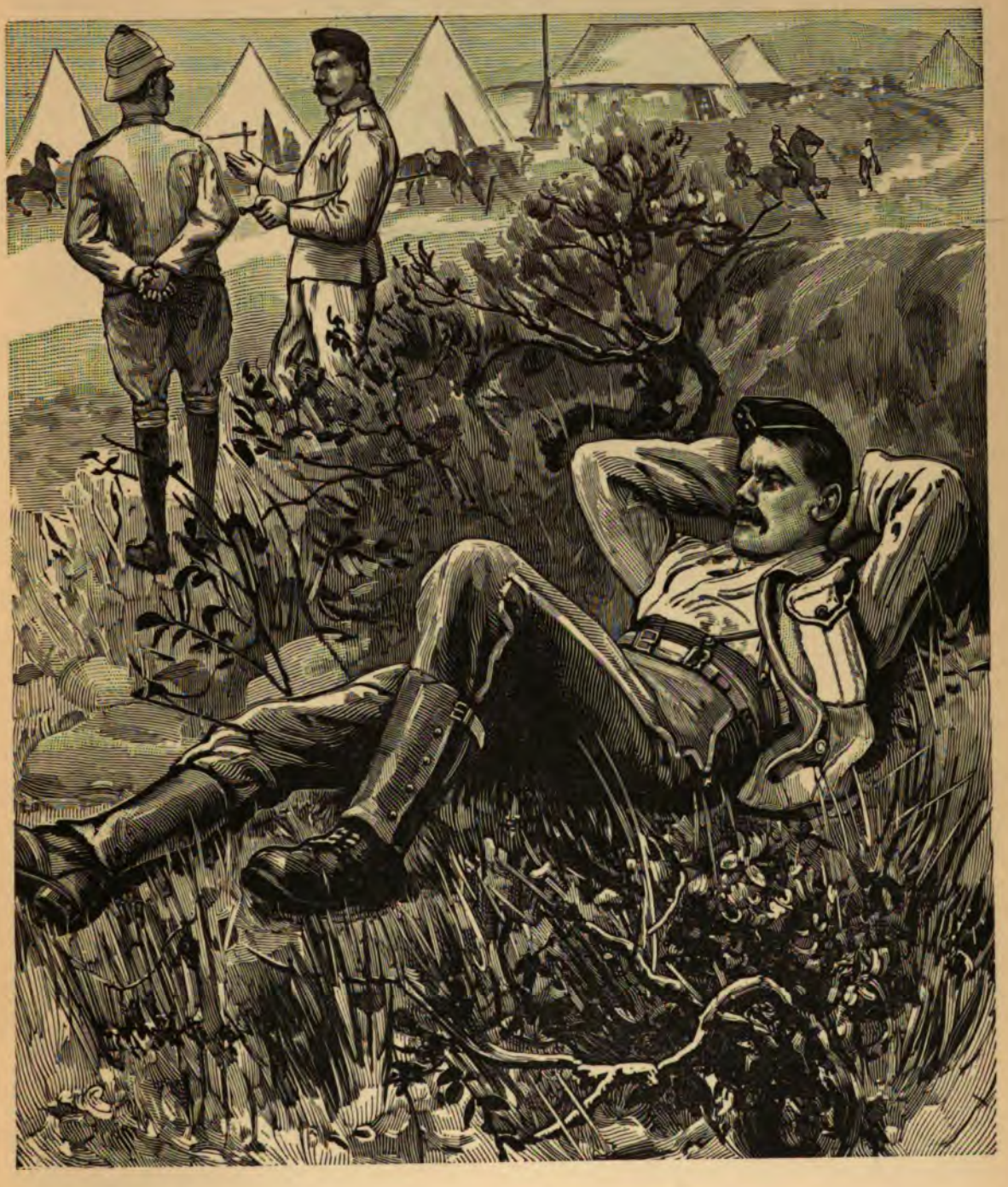
AFTER young King Charles II was defeated at the battle of Worcester, in 1651, he had to escape from England as best he could, hiding by day and travelling by night; always in danger of capture. He had many adventures. One day he and Colonel Carlis were hiding in a deserted house. They were very hungry. "If you will get something to eat," said the king, "I will cook it." As Colonel Carlis was laughing softly at the idea of the king turning cook, a sheep came into the dooryard. In an instant Colonel Carlis had it, and soon the delicious odor of roasting mutton proved that the young King Charles for once at least was keeping his word.

MEDDLESOME CHARLEY

CHARLEY had to have many lessons before he learned not to meddle with affairs which did not concern him. The crew of the "North Star" had caught a large shark. It was not yet killed, and was towed along by a heavy rope. Charley thought it would be fine fun to loosen the rope and see the shark try to escape. So he did. He watched the shark delightedly for awhile. Then he commenced to haul in the rope. But master shark was too strong for him. Finally Charley had to call one of the crew to help him. Just then the captain and some of the ship's officers came on deck. "Meddling again, sir?" thundered the captain. "I guess a little solitary confinement will help cure you of that habit." And it certainly did.

PRIVATE HARDY

MY father was a colonel of cavalry in the Boer war. In his regiment was a lazy and disorderly man who gave him more trouble than all the rest of his men. One day Private Hardy, instead of doing guard duty, slipped away to take a nap in the bushes. Just as he was going off to sleep, he heard voices. Peering through the bushes, he saw father and one of his captains. "If I were in your place, Colonel," he heard the captain say, "I'd have Private Hardy dismissed from the service. You've borne with him long enough." "I'm going to hang on a while longer," said father. "There's not a man in my regiment takes such good care of his horse, and if a man is kind to his horses there must be good in him." "And I said to myself, sir," Corporal Hardy long afterward told father, "the old man sha'n't be disappointed." And father wasn't.



ON THE CANTON RIVER

MY papa is a merchant in Canton. Last year mamma and I came out to stay with him. Everything is so strange, but the strangest of all are the awkward ships that crowd their way along the yellow river. The larger kind are called junks, and they look to me something like the picture in my history of the ship which carried Columbus to the West Indies. They have a double rudder and no keel. And instead of being made of cloth the square sails are of strips of bamboo. The name of the small boats is "sampan," and many of the very poor people live on them. It must be ever so much nicer than living in the overcrowded streets of lower Canton. Some of these "sampans" have flower gardens on them and look like big bouquets floating up and down the river.

A GOOD SON

THE officers were seated at dinner. The general was showing them his beautiful gold snuff-box. Then he slipped it into his pocket. When he wished to use it again it was gone. All the officers save one immediately turned their pockets inside out. The youngest of them refused, saying simply, "I have not the snuff-box." The others avoided him all the evening. When the general took off his waistcoat he found the snuff-box slipped within the lining. He sent for the young officer. "Why did you not turn your pockets?" "Because the most of my dinner was in them. I did not wish any one to know. My pay is small and my mother is very poor. So I save all of the good food that I can for her." The general was touched. He had the young man's pay increased, and at dinner gave him the snuff-box, before his comrades, that his innocence might be completely established.

IN THE FOG

GEORGE and Harry had gone far down the bay fishing. With the ebb of the tide a heavy wind came from the west, blowing in the fog, which soon shut in the boat and its occupants. The boys could not see a foot on either side. They rowed hard, but the current was too strong for them and, little by little, they found they were being carried out to sea. Suddenly they saw the lights of a steamer bearing down upon them. "They'll run us down," cried George, looking over his shoulder. Then Harry stood upright in the bow of the little boat. "Ship ahoy, ship ahoy!" he shouted. At once lights flashed on the bow of the steamer. "Who is there?" called the captain. "Two boys in a boat," cried Harry. And soon after two very thankful and hungry boys were seated at the captain's table, having something warm to eat.

KINGFISHER

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

OF all the cities of the ancient world, Babylon with its mighty towers and walls and palaces was the greatest. And the king who ruled over the land of which it was the capital was Nebuchadnezzar. It was in his reign that Palestine was conquered and the Jews carried into captivity. He caused Jerusalem to be almost wholly destroyed, and plundered the beautiful temple which Solomon had built. Now Nebuchadnezzar was a very proud king, becoming through his victories so arrogant that he caused a golden image of himself to be made and set up in Babylon, and required all his subjects to worship it. All save three brave Jews did. Their names were Shadrach, Abednego, and Meshach. And mamma will tell you how Nebuchadnezzar tried to punish them.

DISOBEDIENCE TO ORDERS

IN the summer of 1591 the English fleet was anchored off the Azores. One day word was brought to Lord Thomas Howard, the English admiral, that the Spanish fleet was almost upon them. So Lord Howard ordered the signal "retreat" to be hoisted to the mast-head of his flagship, the "Defiance." Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Grenville was very angry. "Retreat," he shouted, "Sir Richard Grenville never yet retreated before the Spaniard, and he never will." So under full sail the "Revenge" went out alone to meet the Spanish squadron. The crew fought heroically, but Sir Richard's disobedience lost to England one of her best ships and scores of brave men.

A BOY'S CAPTURE

IN one of the battles where the Chevalier Bayard commanded, a boy among his troops captured a gigantic standard-bearer of the enemy. At night Bayard gave a feast to celebrate the French victory. At its close his gentlemen in arms presented to him the prisoners each had taken. There was a general laugh as the slim young esquire presented to Bayard the tall and sturdy standard-bearer. "Do not laugh, Messieurs," said Bayard, "the boy is a boy in years only. In bravery he is a man. And because I love brave men, he shall sleep in my hut, and fight beside me in battle." And this the young knight did, as long as the brave and chivalrous Bayard lived.

THE DEATH OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

OF the four ships with which Sir Humphrey Gilbert had sailed from England with such high hopes, but two were left, the "Squirrel" and the "Golden Hind." Upon them burst a terrible storm. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was on the "Squirrel." His crew begged him to go to the "Hind," which was larger than the "Squirrel," but he replied, "I have shared with you all your perils, I will share what remain." Again and again the "Squirrel" was almost lost. Yet she recovered herself, and those on board the "Golden Hind" saw Sir Humphrey standing aloft, a large book in his hand, and heard him say, "We are as near heaven by sea as we are by land." Then the "Squirrel," suddenly overwhelmed by the terrific seas, disappeared 'neath the waves with all on board. And so died Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

KINMONT WILLY'S RESCUE

"KINMONT WILLY" was one of the border robbers, the one who vexed the English most. At length he was captured and safely lodged in Carlisle Castle. Now great was the wrath of his seven tall sons when they heard this news. Hastily gathering a band of men, they crossed the border and at night forced their way into Carlisle Castle where "Kinmont Willy" lay in irons. Almost before the English knew what was happening, Kinmont Willy" was on a horse surrounded by his rescuers. Out of Carlisle they dashed, and were across the river before the English were mounted to pursue them.

ANDRE'S DEPARTURE

ON the 11th day of July, 1896, a little group of men gathered about a balloon on the beach at Dane's Island six hundred miles south of the North Pole. Bidding the rest of the party farewell, Doctor Andre with his two companions stepped into the car of the balloon. One by one the ropes which held it to the ground were cut, and like some strange and gigantic bird it sailed slowly upward. "Good-by! Good luck!" shouted the men on the shore, waving their caps. Andre and his two friends leaned over the side of the car. "Au revoir," they cried gaily. Then on toward the North Pole the brave men went, while those on the island watched them until the balloon disappeared behind some low hills.

THE ARREST

ONE evening in March, 1804, the Duke d'Enghien, son of the Duke of Bourbon, and a party of friends were at dinner. They were laughing merrily over some incident of the afternoon's hunting, when the hangings of the door were suddenly torn open and a squad of French soldiers appeared. The whole party were taken prisoners. The Duke d'Enghien was carried to the fortress of Vincennes; tried by a court martial for conspiracy against the French government; declared guilty, and the next day shot within the moat of the castle. He died bravely, refusing to have his eyes bandaged.

WOLF ROCK LIGHT

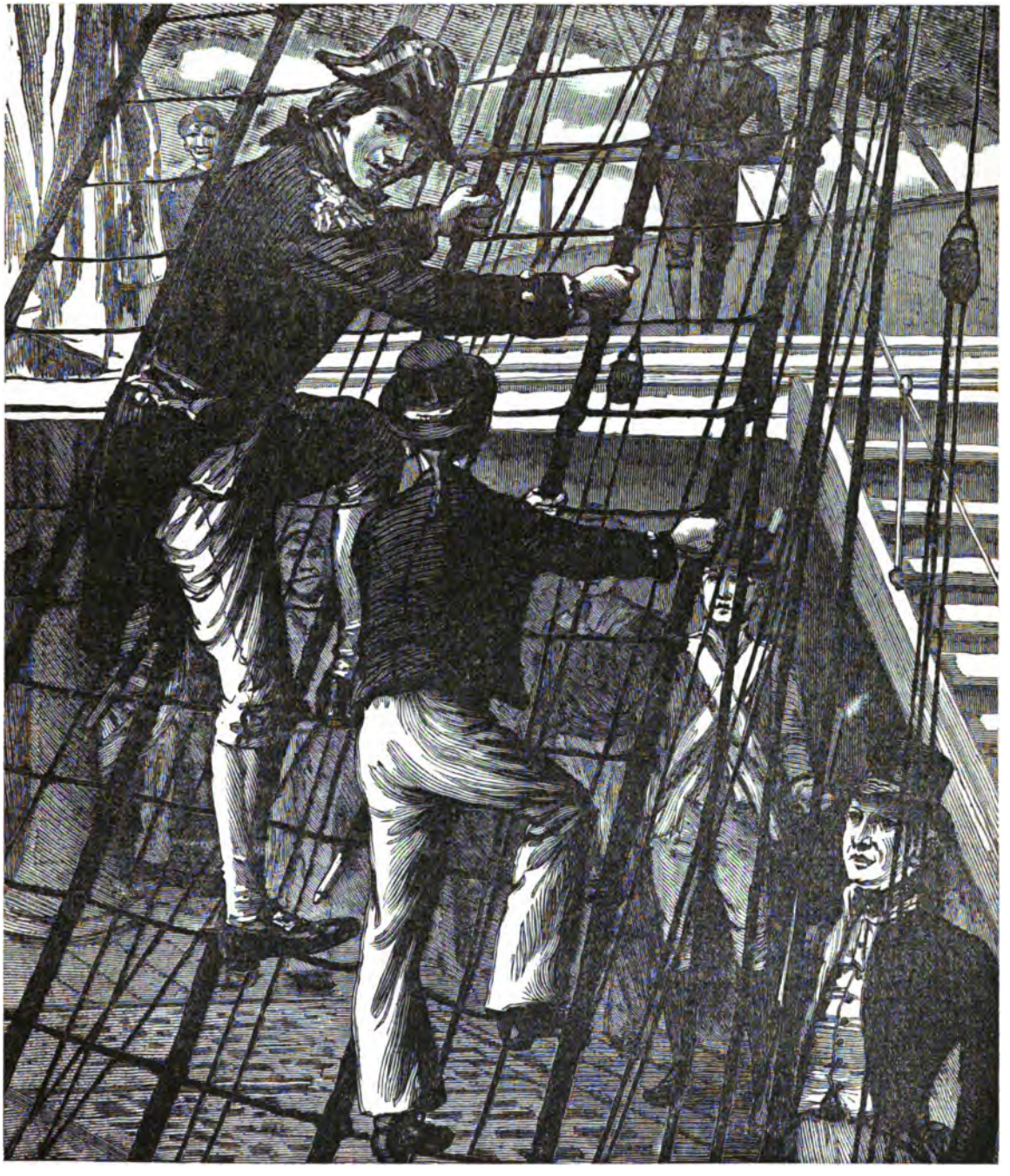
OFF the coast of Cornwall stands Wolf Rock Light. Very likely some of you boys and girls have seen it. But I wonder if you know with what almost incredible labor it was built. The brave men who laid its foundations not only wore life-preservers, but each was chained to an iron post riveted to the reef. Only between wave and wave could the foundation stones be laid. It took years to build it. But at last it was completed, and its white tower by day and its light by night warn ships from the cruel reefs upon which it stands. Minot's light in Boston harbor was built in the same way.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ARTILLERY BOOTS

THE very night that the young Napoleon's uniform as a lieutenant of artillery came home, he arrayed himself in it, epaulets and sword sash, and the enormous boots then worn by the artillery, and called upon his friend Mademoiselle Peenien. He felt sure that she would be impressed by his dignity. But Napoleon was very small and slight. The enormous boots seemed to engulf him. And as he came into the room, the younger sister of mademoiselle laughingly remarked, "Why, he looks just like 'Puss in Boots'"! Napoleon heard her plainly. Turning, he walked scornfully from the room.

THE RACE

AMONG the many stories told of Lord Nelson's kindness to his midshipmen is this one. These midshipmen were often very young, and afraid at first to climb, as they were ordered, to the mastheads. Then Nelson would come forward laughing. "I'll race you up those shrouds, lads," he would say. And the middies were so delighted at the fun and the honor of racing with the great Admiral that they would forget all about their fear and run up the shrouds almost as blithely as he. "Doesn't it seem strange that a man should ever be afraid to do a little thing like that?" he would laugh as they reached the masthead. And the middies would always answer, "It surely does, sir."

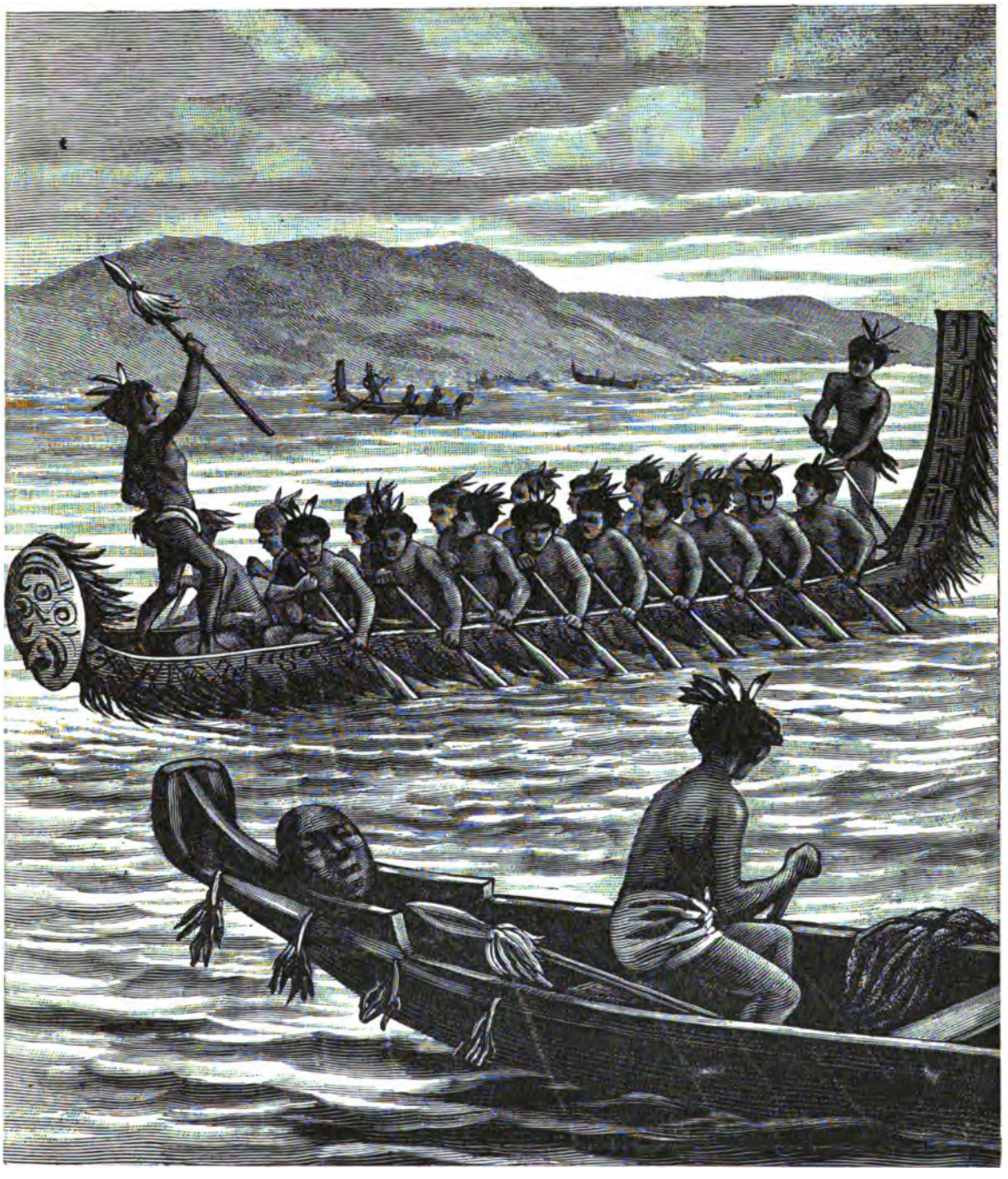


DIEGO'S GRATITUDE

THE child of Diego, a Spanish peasant, was ill. A young English officer rode many miles for a physician, and the child's life was saved. Soon after the young Englishman was captured and taken within the French lines, accused of being a spy. Diego happened to be in the room, having come for his pay for some grain. "I know this man," he said to the French captain, "he is no spy. He is a French soldier. Who should know better than I? He lived in my house all last winter." As the English officer spoke French fluently and the papers he had taken from a dead French soldier described him well, he was at once released. "It was nothing," said Diego, when afterward the officer tried to thank him.

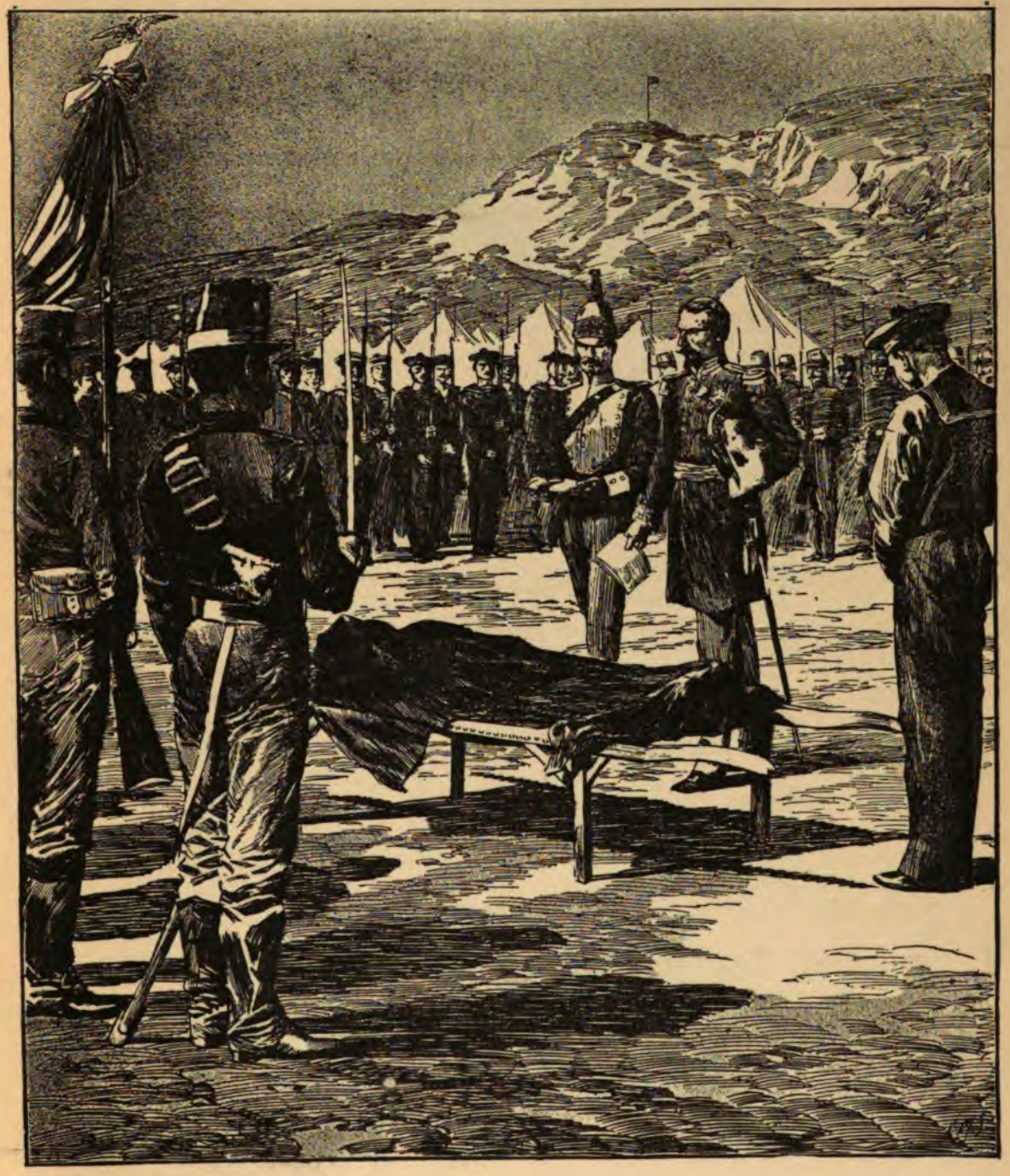
IN NEW ZEALAND

I'M a little boy who lives in New Zealand. Near us live a large number of Maoris, a tribe of natives, who have become civilized and what people call "Christianized." There's a very old man, their chief, who is my friend. I just wish you could hear him tell of the days when he was a little boy. I wish I had lived then before the Maoris were civilized. They used to have such fine times cruising about in their canoes, and conquering all the other tribes. While they paddled along one of the chiefs would stand in the prow of the boat, and, waving his great spear, would sing to them of the victories that their ancestors had won. And brave as they were before, that would make them braver.



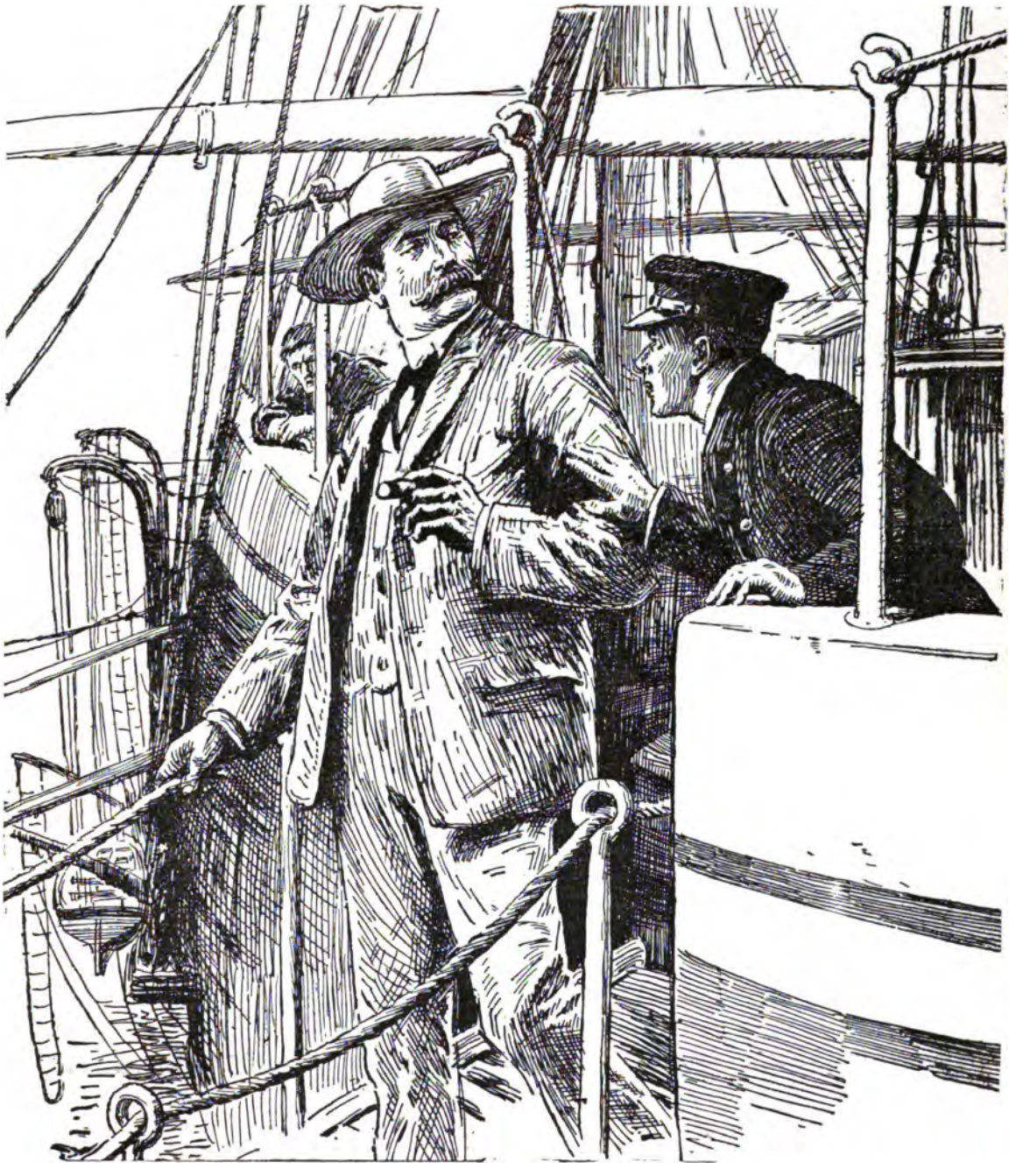
A TRUE STORY

ARMAND was a very brave French corporal. He was especially brave at Sebastopol, and was the next day to be given the medal of honor. With his comrades he was in one of the trenches. All were talking of the honor to be given him on the morrow. And all were glad, for his bravery and modesty made him a favorite. Suddenly there came the whirr of the bullet of a Russian sharpshooter, and Armand fell dead. But they gave him the medal of honor just the same. The next day his body was laid in the middle of a hollow square formed by his comrades, who stood at "present arms." The general-in-chief stepped forward. "Death has robbed us of a brave comrade," he said, "but it shall not rob him of the honor due him." Then he pinned on Armand's coat the medal of honor.



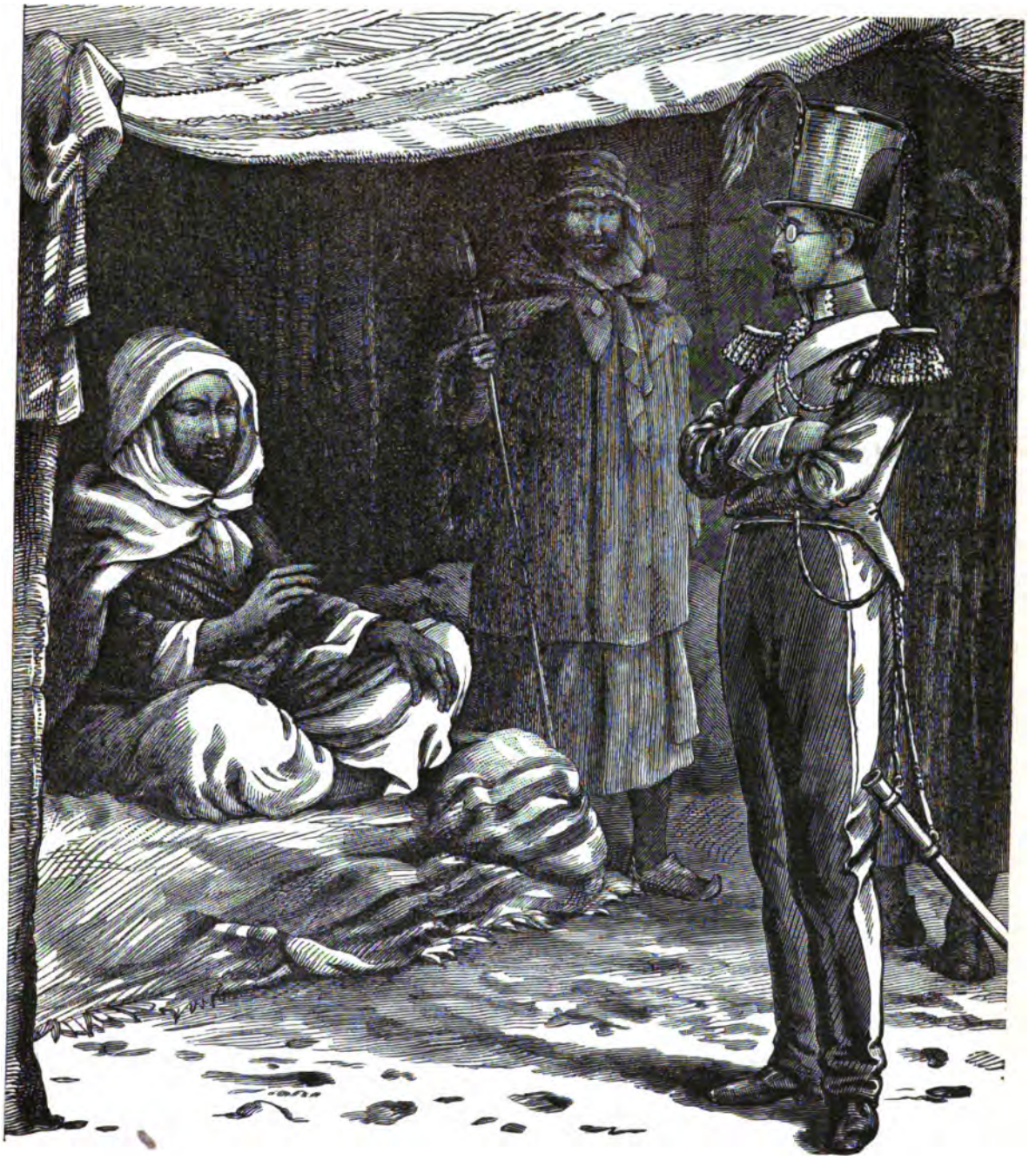
JACK'S REQUEST

"I SAY, sir," said Jack, laying one hand on the arm of the ship's doctor, who was going on shore for the day. "When you come back will you please bring me a book?" "Why, of course, lad," laughed the doctor, "What kind of a book do you want? A rattling good sea story, eh?" "Oh, no, no, sir," said Jack with emphasis, "anything except a sea story. I'd rather even read a history. I know enough about sea life." Jack, who had run away to sea, had long ago found out that life on board ship was not quite what the sea stories he had read represented it to be.



THE BRAVE COLONEL

ONCE there was a colonel of foot-soldiers in Northern Africa who was so much of a dandy that the soldiers used to laugh among themselves about him. And they even said that he probably would not be brave in battle. But one day the battle came. The French troops were surprised, and many were taken prisoners. Among them was the dandified colonel. He was taken to the tent of the Algerian chief. "Go thou to thy comrades," the chief said to him, "and tell them if they will surrender, I will save their lives, and thine. But in any case thou art to return to me." The colonel promised. Galloping up to the French troops, he said, "Comrades, if you do not surrender, the Arabs will kill me. Now, comrades, die, but never surrender." Then he galloped back to the Algerian camp, as he had promised to do, and was beheaded, dying bravely for the Republic.



HOW THE DUKE FOUND OUT

THE Duke of Cumberland had heard a deal of the cruelty of the press gang. He resolved to find out for himself. So he put some ragged clothes over his gorgeous uniform and went down to Wapping. Almost immediately members of the press gang seized him and gagged him, and took him aboard one of the vessels anchored in the harbor. As soon as he was on board the captain ordered him to be beaten with cat-o'-nine-tails. The brutal seamen laughed as they stripped off his rags. But they stopped laughing and the captain grew very pale when the splendid uniform of the commander-in-chief of the army was revealed.

THE PENALTY

MUTINY on land or sea is a very serious affair. But mutiny on the high seas is the greatest crime a seaman can commit. Now when Vasco da Gama, the first European to sail around the Cape of Good Hope, was making the wonderful voyage from Portugal to India, some of the crew of his ship, the "San Raphael," mutinied. The rebellion of the sailors spread rapidly, and at one time the future looked very dark to the great explorer. But at last through strategy the leader of the mutineers was captured and brought to Vasco da Gama. "Your crime is doubled," said Da Gama sternly, "you have both done wrong yourself, and have caused others to do wrong. You must pay the penalty." So the leader of the mutineers was carried on deck, and soon his lifeless body swung from the yard arm. After that there was no more trouble on board the "San Raphael."

A BRAVE DEED

AT the battle of Waterloo the color bearer of a Scottish regiment was killed. As he fell one of his comrades leaped forward to save the colors. But the hands of the dead color bearer were folded so tightly about the staff they could not be loosened. The French troops were all around. But undismayed the brave Scottish soldier lifted his dead comrade and carried the heavy burden back to his regiment. Brave themselves, the French troops recognized and paid tribute to the bravery of this Scottish soldier. They not only ceased firing but cheered him lustily as he staggered through their lines.

THE LESSON

NED had not been a sailor long enough to get his sea legs on. Besides he had never worn an apron before. The cook had asked him to carry a cup of coffee to Skipper Martin. Ned hurried across the deck and up the steps of the bridge. But just as he reached the last one, the ship heeled suddenly, the towel the cook had pinned around him for an apron twisted around his legs and down he went, the cup of coffee falling and breaking into a thousand pieces.

THE BEACON

LONG, long ago, when there were no railways or telegraph or telephones, if important news were to be carried swiftly through a country, beacon fires were kindled on the hill-tops, and their leaping flames meant either good or ill to those watching for them. Once they told England that the fleet of the King of Spain was sweeping up the channel. Ask mamma to tell you how Englishmen replied to the warning of the beacons which flamed from one end of England to another, in the early summer of 1588.

A FELUCCA

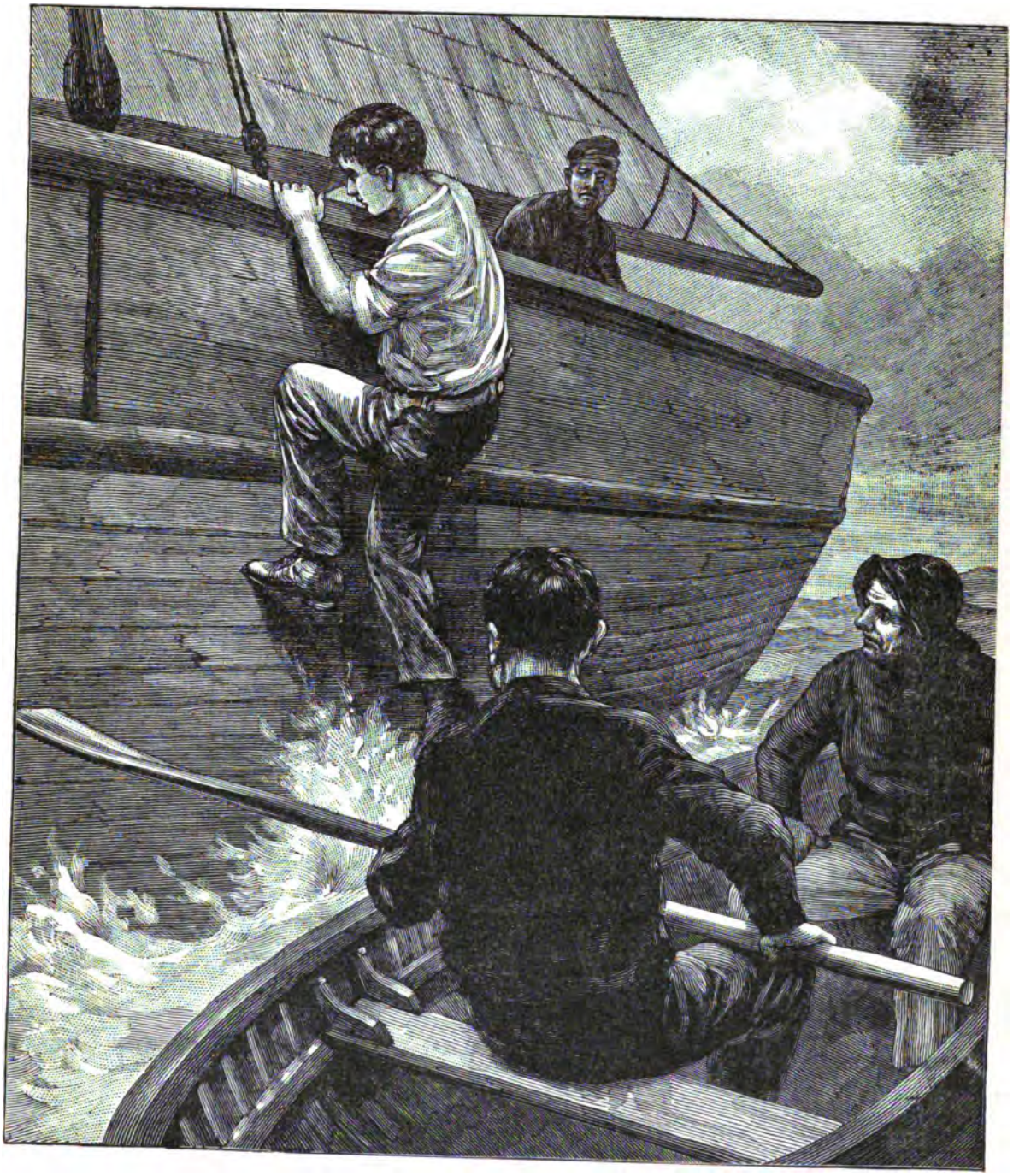
THE "Fürst Bismarck" was just entering the Mediterranean Sea. "Mamma, mamma," called Bobby, leaning over the rail of the steamship; "come quick, and see these great white birds flying toward us!" "Those are not birds, little son," laughed Mamma, "they are boats, called 'feluccas,' and you shall have many a fine sail on them while you are in Sicily." And as they came nearer Bobby saw what queer boats they were. With three-cornered sails so large they almost covered the vessels, and funny little raised decks on either end, and two rudders. And then Mamma told Bobby how they are the trading vessels of the Mediterranean countries, and how the word "felucca" comes from the Arabic word "fellcon," meaning a ship.

A BRAVE WOMAN

IN 1812 the French army was besieging Cadiz. One of the wounded Spaniards suffering from thirst cried out for water. His wife, who had followed him to the defence of the city, asked a drummer boy to go to the well near by and bring a bucket of water. But the well was under fire, and the boy refused to go. Then she asked soldier after soldier. But all refused. Then under the terrible fire she walked straight to the well, and filled her bucket. A bomb burst close by and a splinter broke the handles of the bucket. But the woman saved the precious water and carried it to her husband. Some one asked her afterward if she had not been afraid. "I do not know," she answered, "I did not think of anything save that he wanted the water."

PHILIP'S AWKWARDNESS

THEY had been fishing all afternoon, Tim the Skipper, and Phil and Ned. "Tell you what," said Tim, "supper will taste mighty good, won't it, boys? Now, careful, Ned," he went on, as the dory neared the "Nancy O." Ned put the blade of his oar against the boat while Phil started to climb up the side of the hull. But he missed his footing, and fell splash into the water! Tim the Skipper dragged him up. "We'll make a sailor of you yet," said a good-natured seaman standing by, as Phil shook the water like a big dog from him; "don't you mind their laughing, lad. It's no easy thing to climb into a boat from a dory in a heavy sea. Once I slipped myself." So Phil felt somewhat comforted for his awkwardness.

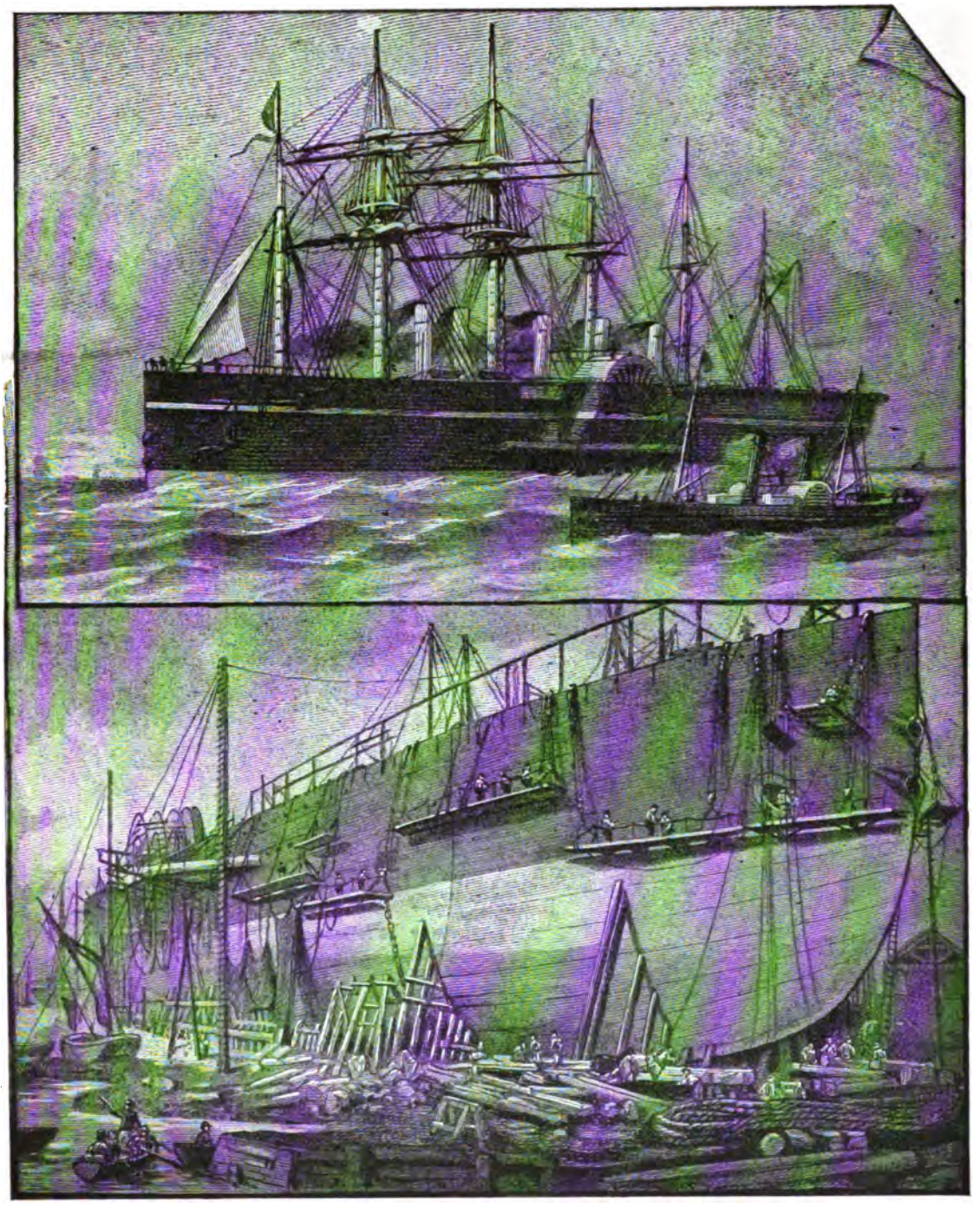


THE CURE

AT the battle of Balaklava, the captain of one of grandpa's regiments was wounded. Grandpa often visited him in the hospital. Every care possible was given him, but Captain Wells did not gain as he should. One day grandpa said to him, "Hurry up, Major, and get well, the regiment wants you." "Major!" exclaimed Wells, "Why, Colonel, you know I'm only a captain." "You were yesterday," laughed grandpa, "but you're not to-day. I just saw you commissioned as major at headquarters." Next day, when grandpa went to see him, he was sitting up in his cot, his brave eyes happy once more. "Good morning, comrade," laughed my grandpa, "I thought the 'Major' would cure you."

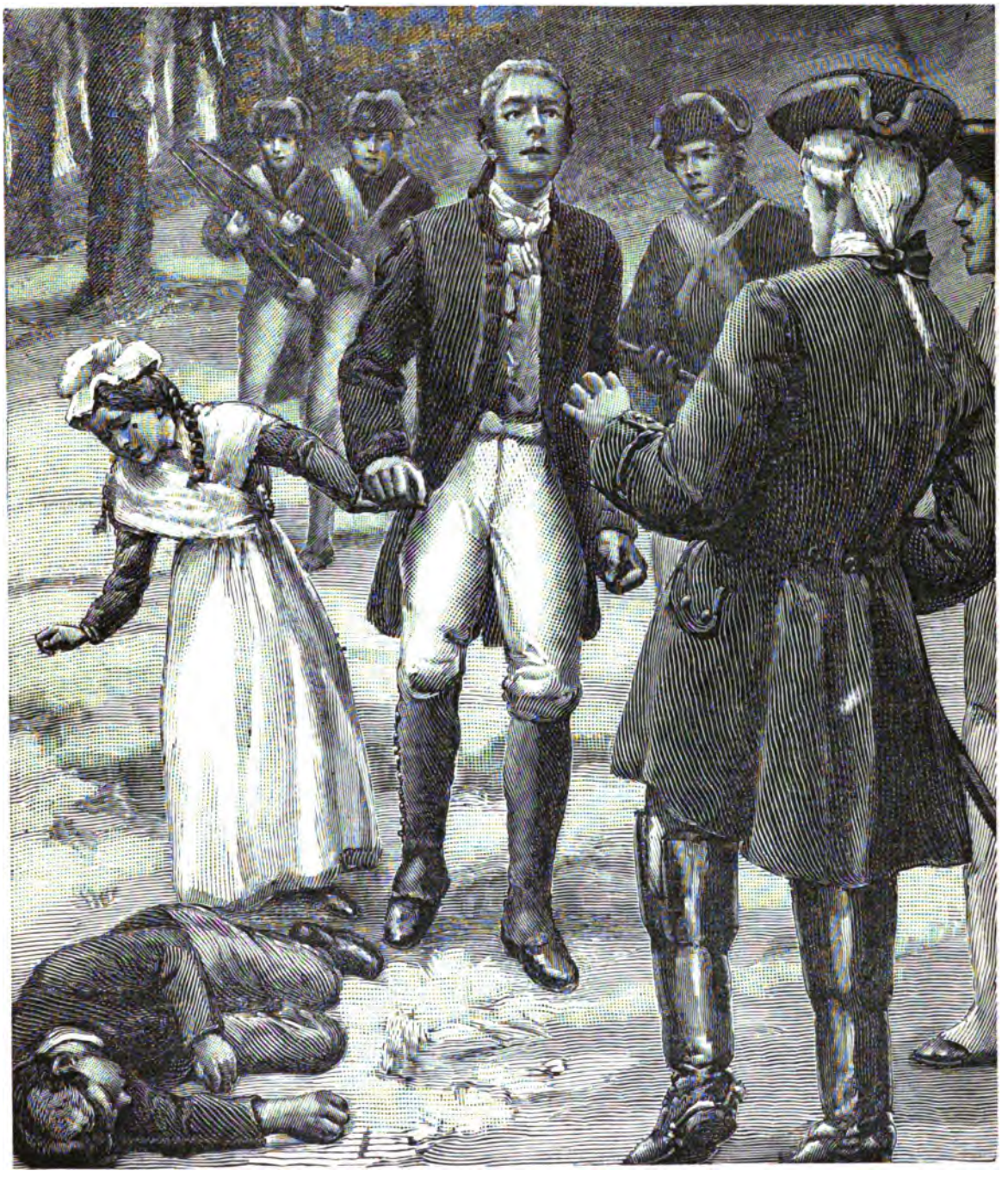
THE "GREAT EASTERN"

MY grandpa told me the other night how, when he was a young man, he went to see the "Great Eastern" launched. They started to build her in 1853, but it was 1859 before she was ready for sea. She was the very largest ship which had ever been built. There was room on her for five thousand people. On the third of November, 1859, the ropes were cut which held her to the ways, and she slipped very slowly into the water. Everywhere she went people crowded to see her. For thirty years she plied back and forth across the Atlantic. And it was from her deck, in 1865, that the Atlantic Cable was laid. They have even larger steamships now, and know better how to manage them.



THE CAPTURE

ONE night, Philip, my great-grandfather, heard a man's voice down-stairs. But at breakfast there was no one besides his grandfather and grandmother and his little sister Pamela. In the afternoon he and Pamela were playing in the woods. Suddenly a party of Hessians commanded by a British officer appeared. Pamela ran away to a cave near by. But Philip stood his ground. "Have you seen a young man about here, little rebel?" said the officer to him. "No," said Philip. Then the officer threatened to shoot him, did he not tell. Philip refused, although worn out with fright he fell at the officer's feet. Then from the cave sprang his father, the man for whom they were searching, holding Pamela by one hand. "Here I am," he said, "take me. I am worth something, having a brave lad like that for my son."



THE YOUNG NATURALISTS

"HUMAN beings do very queer things," said Admiral Jim to himself, as he sat on the rail of the "Sea Bird," looking down at Graham's and Jack's "catch." "A white fish," Admiral Jim went on, "and a black fish, and a horrid looking crab. I'll keep out of the way of that crab. I remember I met one once." And he rubbed one of his paws against his cheek. But the young naturalists were delighted with their catch. "When I'm a man," said Graham, "I shall go in for deep-sea study." "And I'll go with you," cried Jack, who always approved of what his brother did. So they sat down on the deck looking over their treasures from the sea, and planning how one day they would have a ship of their own, and go on a voyage around the world deep-sea fishing. And the plans the brothers, two famous naturalists now, made that day, have all come true.

IN THE WEST INDIES

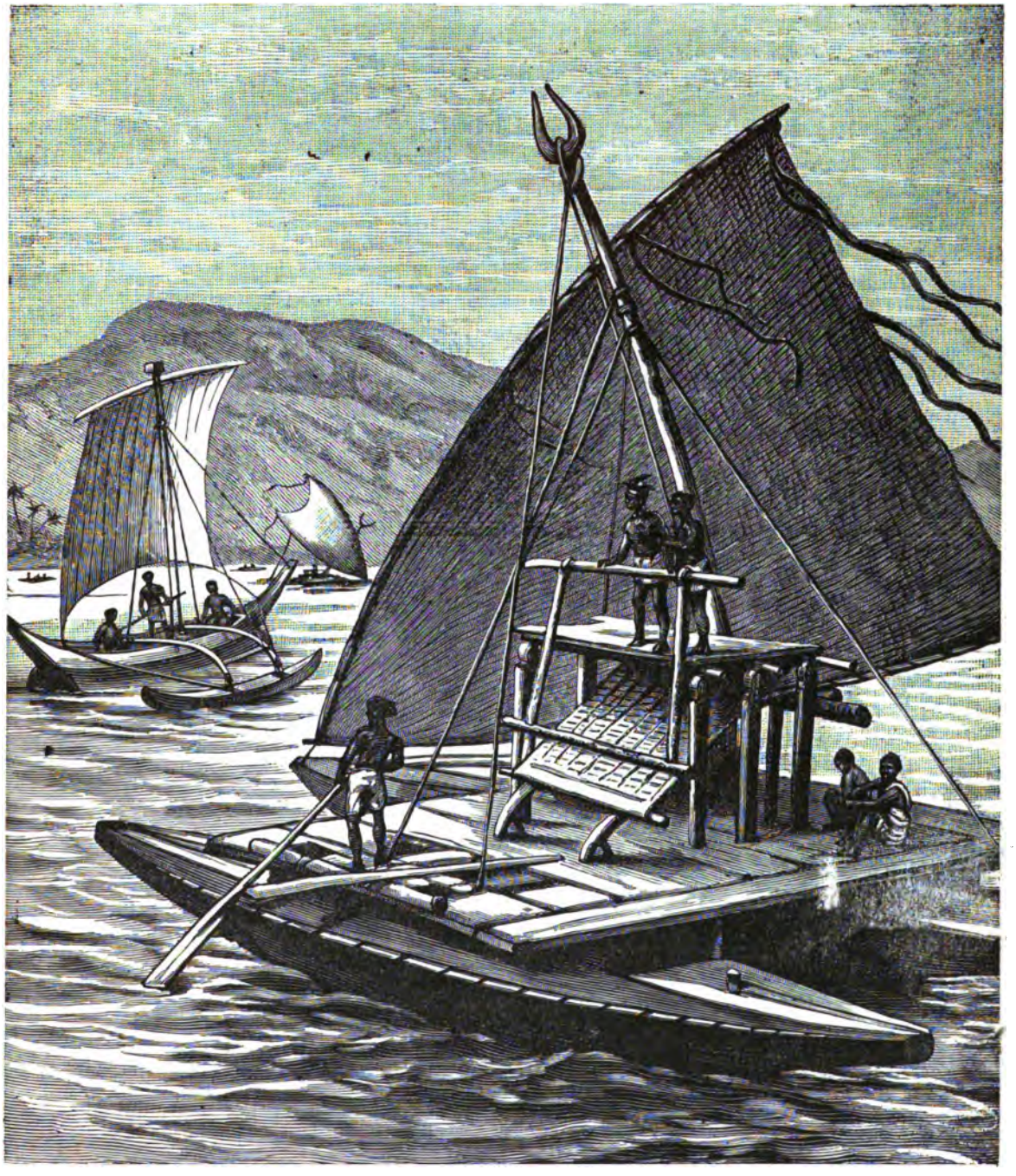
A FEW years ago father was cruising in his yacht, "The Puritan," around the West Indies. As they neared the island of Hayti, a native came on board, and told father not to land, because there was a rebellion there. Well, father had meant to land at Hayti, so he called his crew together, and told them about the rebellion. They weren't all Americans, of course, but they were sailing under "Old Glory," and where she went they would go. So father gave them rifles and drilled them every day. And he was proud of them, I can tell you.

THE ERRAND

"JIM," said his landlady, as he was going out one morning, "will you please bring me a cake of soap when you come back?" "Sure," laughed good-natured Jim. When he reached the street he was captured by the "press gang," gagged, and carried to a ship far out into the bay. Twenty years after Jim had started out from his lodgings, a middle-aged man appeared before the astonished landlady. He carried a cake of soap in one hand. "It's taken me twenty years to get it," he said, "but here it is at last."

TWO CURIOUS BOATS

RIGHT on the other side of the world from us is a group of islands called the Society Islands, and in this picture you can see the curious boats the natives of these islands use. They call them "Ivahahs" and "Pahies." They are fine surf boats, riding the heavy seas which break around the coral reefs. The long slender boats are the "Ivahahs," and the one in the foreground, really two boats lashed together, with a platform and a curious bridge upon it, is one of the "Pahies." The natives are very fond of their boats and are very careful of them, building great sheds roofed with palm leaves to protect them from the heat of the sun.



THE DEATH OF BAYARD

OH, a gallant knight was Bayard,
In the good old days.
By his valor and compassion
Winning all men's praise.

At the battle of Rebecco,
There his death-wound came,
While the troops of France were charging
Straight through smoke and flame.

"It is well, for king and country
Men should die," said he,
As they laid him faintly breathing
'Neath an apple-tree.

"Spain had better lost the battle,"
Quoth Spain's leader, near,
"Than the world lose such a warrior,
Sans reproach and fear."

J BELLICOSE

CROSSING THE TIGRIS

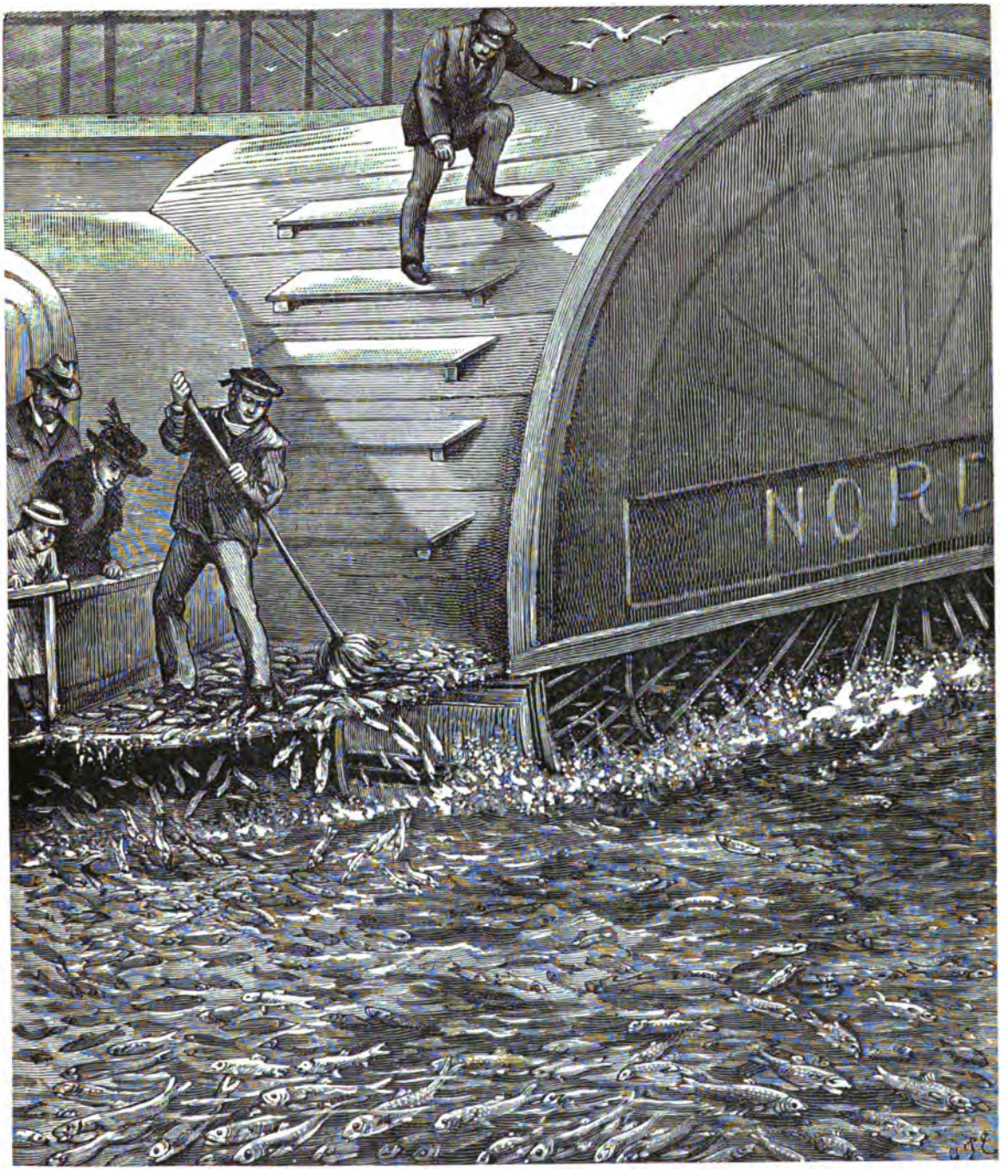
DID you ever see so strange a ferry-boat as this? Like a great box which looks as if it were sinking. And yet far away, where the river Tigris rolls through yellow sands, this is the kind of a ferry-boat used to-day, as it has been for many hundreds of years. In the stern sit two men rowing lustily, while the steersman stands on the quaint prow guiding the primitive boat through the many shallows by means of a long pole.

DARIUS THE KING

WHEN Cyrus, the good King of Persia, died, his son Cambyses succeeded him. But when Cambyses died he left no sons, and Darius, the son of Hystaspes, conquered the throne of Persia. He was a mighty king, making even more powerful the empire which Cyrus had established. But he was an even greater law-maker than warrior. And his laws were so firmly established that throughout the ancient world "Like to the laws of the Medes and Persians which alter not" became a synonym for all things which proved unchangeable. And we ourselves often use the expression to-day. It was in the reign of this king Darius that the Persian army was defeated at Marathon and the Greek athlete Pheidippedes ran from Marathon to Athens to carry news of the victory.

THE HERRING

"MAMMA, Papa," cried Dorothy. She was crossing the English Channel in the mail-boat "Norcastle." Mamma and Papa hurried to her, leaning over a rail in a little corner by the paddle wheel. And what do you think they saw? A sailor with a great broom sweeping fish into the sea. For the mail-boat had run into a school of herring, and the fish were gathered in such numbers it was all the boat could do to make its way through. "Now, Little Dorothy," laughed Papa, "you'll know what it means when you hear 'as thick as herrings.'" But Dorothy was crying softly, "Please, sailor man, be very careful not to hurt them! They are so little, and the boat is so big!"


NORD

CANOEING

WHEN father gave me my canoe last birthday, he said, "You are old enough to paddle your own canoe, boy!" And I tell you I can first rate. And at night, when the fire in the library is lighted, I get Dad to tell me about canoes. You see, he's an explorer and has been all over the world. Last night he told me about the curious canoes in New Guinea, just hollowed out trunks of trees. And then of the trim little canoes made of sealskin the Esquimaux use, with funny paddles flat at both ends. Father says that they can be paddled so fast that a boat with ten oars cannot catch them. And then he told me of the birch-bark canoes of the American Indians (that's the kind mine is), and how skilfully they use them; shooting over dangerous rapids, darting in and out among the rocks, battling against strong currents and almost never getting overturned.

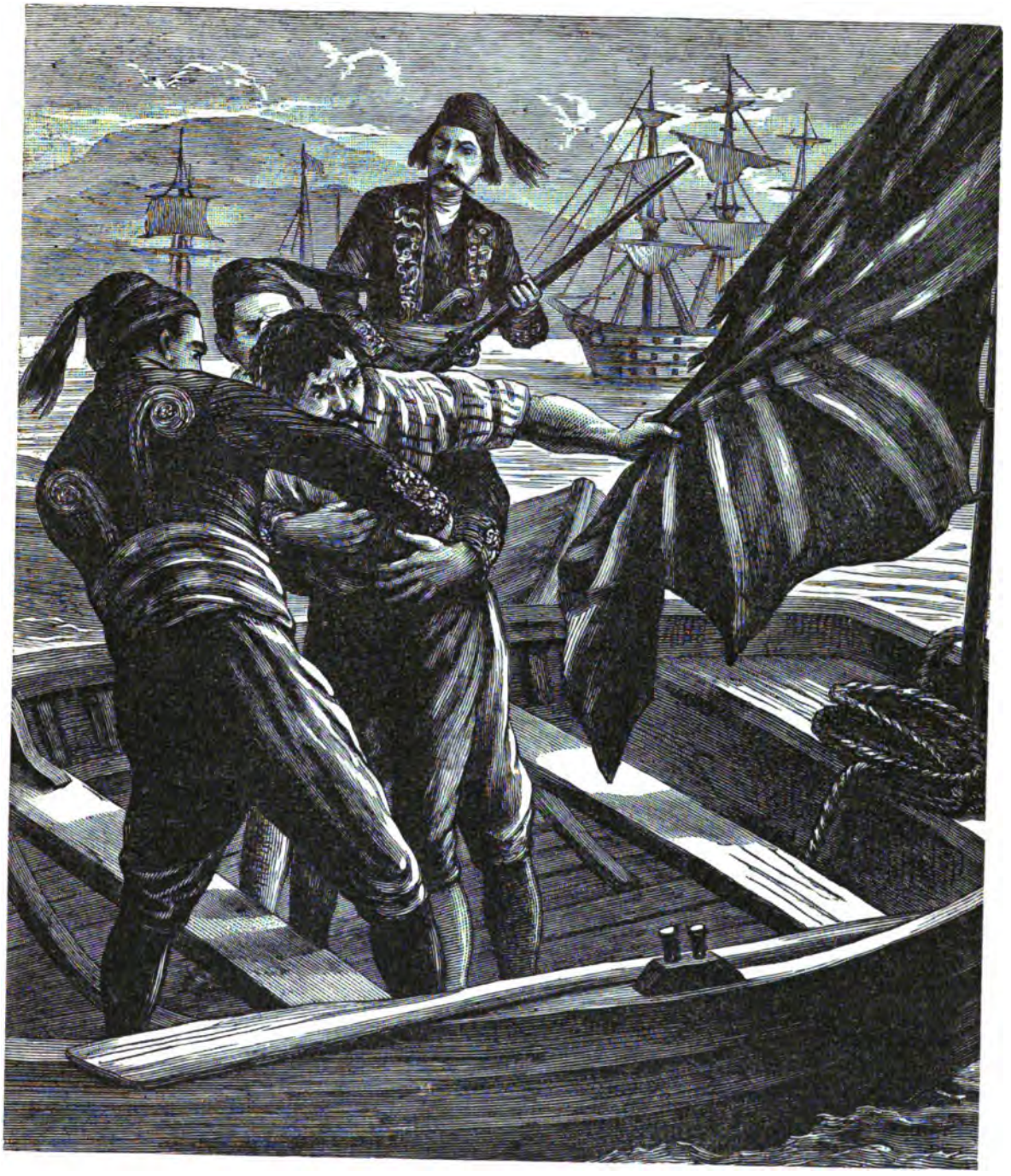
NEW GUINEA
GREENLAND
NORTH AMERICA.

THE SILVER SPOONS

ONE day a Prussian officer was dining at a restaurant in Berlin. At his side sat a disagreeable man. Soon the officer saw the man slip one of the silver table spoons up his sleeve. The officer said nothing but quietly slipped a spoon through one of the braidings of his tunic. When the keeper of the restaurant came with his bill, the officer pointed to the spoon and said, "From the size of the bill I suppose a silver spoon is given with the dinner." The restaurant keeper looked at him in astonishment. "Not so?" laughed the officer. "Well, if our friend here will give you the spoon that he has up his sleeve I will give back mine." The stranger slowly pulled out the spoon and tried to act as if it were a joke, but he did not deceive any one, and was driven from the restaurant.

THE "ENGLISH JACK"

LONG ago a British man-of-war anchored in a foreign port. Some of her crew went on shore in a tender which flew the "English Jack" at its stern. Some galley slaves were walking chained along the dock. One was an English sailor. Seeing the English colors he broke from his chains and, running to the tender, took hold of the flag. He tried to wrap himself in it, but the Turks tore him away. But in his hand he held a piece of the "English Jack." As the sailor was being dragged to prison he met the captain of the man-of-war. The captain noticed the piece torn from the flag. "Are you a British subject?" he cried. "I was once," said the captive. "Then you always are," thundered the captain. The matter was carried to the British authorities, and soon the Turks were forced to release their captive. And once again the proud boast, "Safety under the English flag," was proved true.



KING JOHN'S SURRENDER

AT the famous battle of Poictiers, the English troops were commanded by the Black Prince, the French troops by King John. The French fought bravely, but at last the rain of the English arrows was too much for them to bear, and many of the companies broke and fled. Then King John, followed by the Dauphin, tried to rally them. The French King's horse was shot, but he pressed on foot into the very midst of the battle. Little by little his followers were driven back until King John and the Knight de Chassy stood alone surrounded by English, whose spears were at the king's breast. So good King John surrendered and was taken to the Black Prince, who was as generous as he was brave, and invited his royal captive to supper in his tent and waited upon him at table. It was one of the greatest of English victories.

RAMESES II

OF all the many Pharaohs of Egypt none is so well known to-day as Rameses II, partly because of his victory over the Hittites, about which a poem was written, and partly because of his vanity. For more than any other Pharaoh he caused his name and deeds to be cut in stone from one end of Egypt to the other, even in many cases erasing the names of former kings on their monuments and causing his own to be carved instead. He was the Pharaoh who made the children of Israel make bricks without straw. And it was his best loved daughter Mer-ti-ef who found the little Hebrew baby named Moses lying in his cradle of reeds, among the Nile rushes.

THE FISHERMAN

RALPH would be a fisherman,
Bought an oilskin coat,
Very fine, and covering him
From his knees to throat.

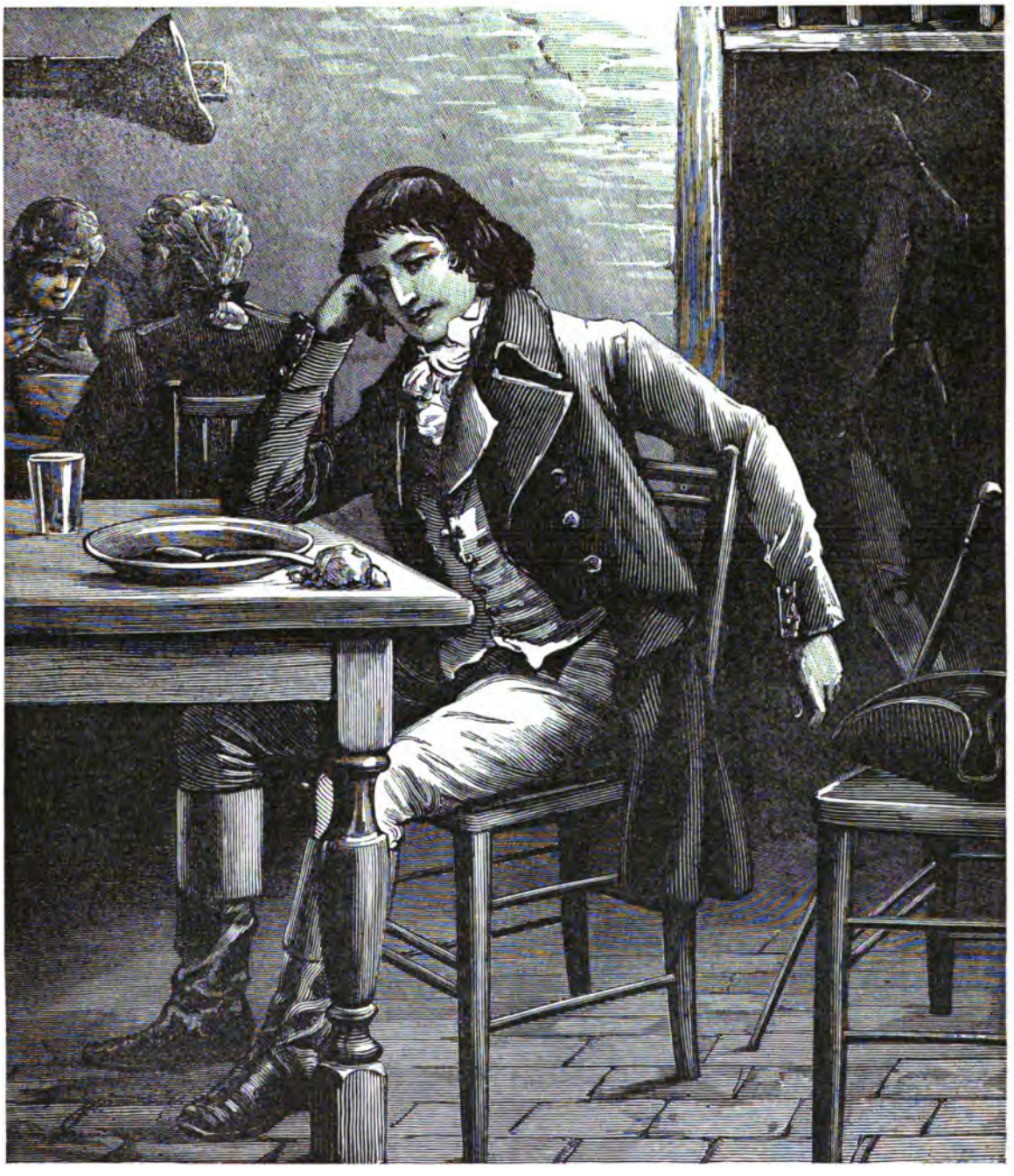
Bought some heavy rubber boots
And a sou'wester;
"Now don't I look seaman like,
Mr. Foster, sir?

"When I take the 'Phyllis' out,
Hope we meet a squall.
Then you'll see how I can sail,
'Thout a reef at all."

"Better have a little care,
Reef her when you can,
'Tisn't clothing, Master Ralph,
Makes a fisherman!"

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON

WHEN the great Napoleon was young he was very poor. His pay as a Lieutenant of Artillery was very small; and the greater part of it he sent to his mother, whom he always loved and honored. Many a day all he had was a plate of soup and a bit of hard bread. But he was always studying and thinking, forming in his young head those plans which were one day to be so marvellously fulfilled. Perhaps sitting there at the table, his poor meal finished, he is thinking out the method of attack by which the next year he drove the English from Toulon. A victory for which, although so young, he was made a general of brigade.



A STORY OF VAN TROMP

VAN TROMP was a famous Dutch admiral, who long, long ago gave the English a deal of trouble. He used to sail up and down the Channel with a broom tied to his masthead. "To sweep those English from the sea," he said. One day he had a quarrel with a famous swordsman. The man challenged Van Tromp to a duel. The Admiral accepted the challenge, but refused to fight with swords. "You're a famous swordsman," he said, "and I'm not. I know a fairer way." The duel was arranged for the next day. When the swordsman went to the Admiral, he found him seated on a powder barrel, a lighted fuse in his hand. "Sit down, man, on the other end of the barrel," he laughed grimly, "and this fuse will soon tell who is the better man." The sailors around joined in Van Tromp's laughter, as the famous swordsman fled to the other end of the ship.

POWDER

WHEN THE "IDA" CAPSIZED

THEY laughed at me when I started from the float in my catboat, there was so little wind. I drifted down Dorchester Bay into the harbor until I was about a mile off Deer Island. It was so warm and still I must have fallen asleep. Anyway there was suddenly a rushing sound, and the next thing I knew I was in the water. I crawled up on the keel of my boat and then the "Ida" sank. I swam toward Deer Island, looking about for a sail. Not one could I see. Evidently I was the only person on the water that afternoon who had not seen the squall coming. It seemed an awfully long way to land. I felt pretty weak, too. And then I saw a sloop coming. I guess the relief was too much for me, for I don't remember any more until I found myself on the deck of the sloop with the kind faces of the crew bending over me.

A STORY OF SAINT LOUIS

MANY centuries ago a gentleman of France, the Sire de Jouiville, used to tell this story to his children and grandchildren winter evenings. Afterward he wrote it down, that the children of all countries should never forget.

When young King Louis, ninth of his name in France (he who was so good and rich that he was called "St. Louis"), reached Egypt on his way to Palestine to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens, he was very impatient to land on the enemy's soil and attack them. At length he could bear the delay no longer. "Messieurs," he cried to the astonished nobles of France beside him, "follow me." Then, clad as he was all in chain armor, shield in one hand, battle-axe in the other, he leaped into the shallow water, the first of the warriors of the Eighth Crusade to reach land.

HOW JEAN CARRIED THE MESSAGE

IN 1870 Paris was so closely besieged by the Germans that the only way the troops within the city could send messages to the French army was by means of balloons. The Jackies from the navy were found to be the cleverest in their use. One day a specially important message was to be carried. "Who is the bravest man you have?" asked the Commandant of Paris of one of his captains. "Jean Mariel," was the instant response. So Jean was chosen to carry the message. Very proud and determined to prove himself worthy of the honor given him, he climbed quickly into the great car of the balloon; his shipmate, who had gone as far as the car with him, said good-bye, and went back to the ground. Jean pulled in the rope ladder, and soon was sailing over the heads of the Germans, safely reaching the French army within a few hours.

IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY

JUST before the battle of Trafalgar Admiral Collingwood and most of the captains of the English fleet came on board the "Victory" for Lord Nelson's orders. "Where is Captain Rotherham?" asked Nelson, noting the absence of the captain of the ship which carried Admiral Collingwood. "The Captain and I are not on good terms," answered Collingwood stiffly. Nelson at once sent an order for Captain Rotherham to come on board the flagship. He did so. "Gentlemen," said Nelson quietly, pointing to the French fleet, "yonder is the enemy. Shake hands like Englishmen."

THE FISHERMAN'S REPLY

ONCE when there was war between France and England, an English fisherman was captured and brought to the admiral of the French fleet. "We want a pilot," De Tourville said to the fisherman. "Take us safely into yonder harbor and I will spare your life and pay you well besides. If not, you will be hanged." "You can hang me," answered the fisherman, "it is in your power to do that; but no man has the power to make me betray my country." De Tourville was so pleased with the man's bravery that he gave him back his fishing boat, and allowed him to return safely to the English shore.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

THE natives of the Solomon Islands, on the other side of the world, are very proud and fond of their canoes, and use great care and skill in decorating them. They are long and narrow, with high prows on either end beautifully carved and inlaid with shells. Sometimes they have a little covered deck. And the sails are queer affairs made of heavy matting. They look like the great shields the knights carried in the Crusades.

HJR.

MAKING READY

HURRY, Grandpa, don't be long,
Mix that green paint good and strong.

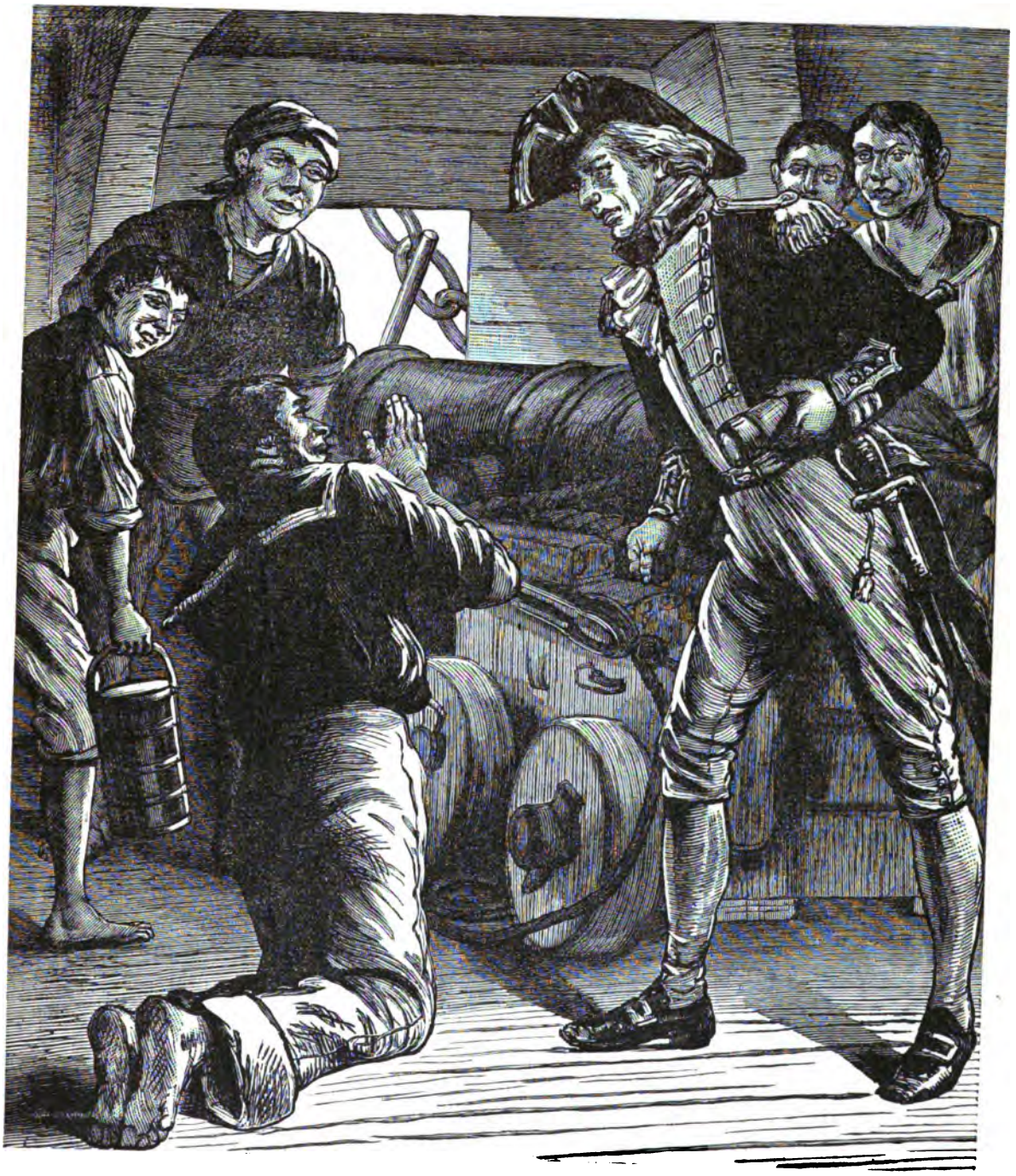
Green outside, with a broad line
Of white on top, won't she be fine?

Yes, sir! coming home from school,
I found cowslips by the pool.

So as soon's this boat is dry,
We'll go fishing, you and I!

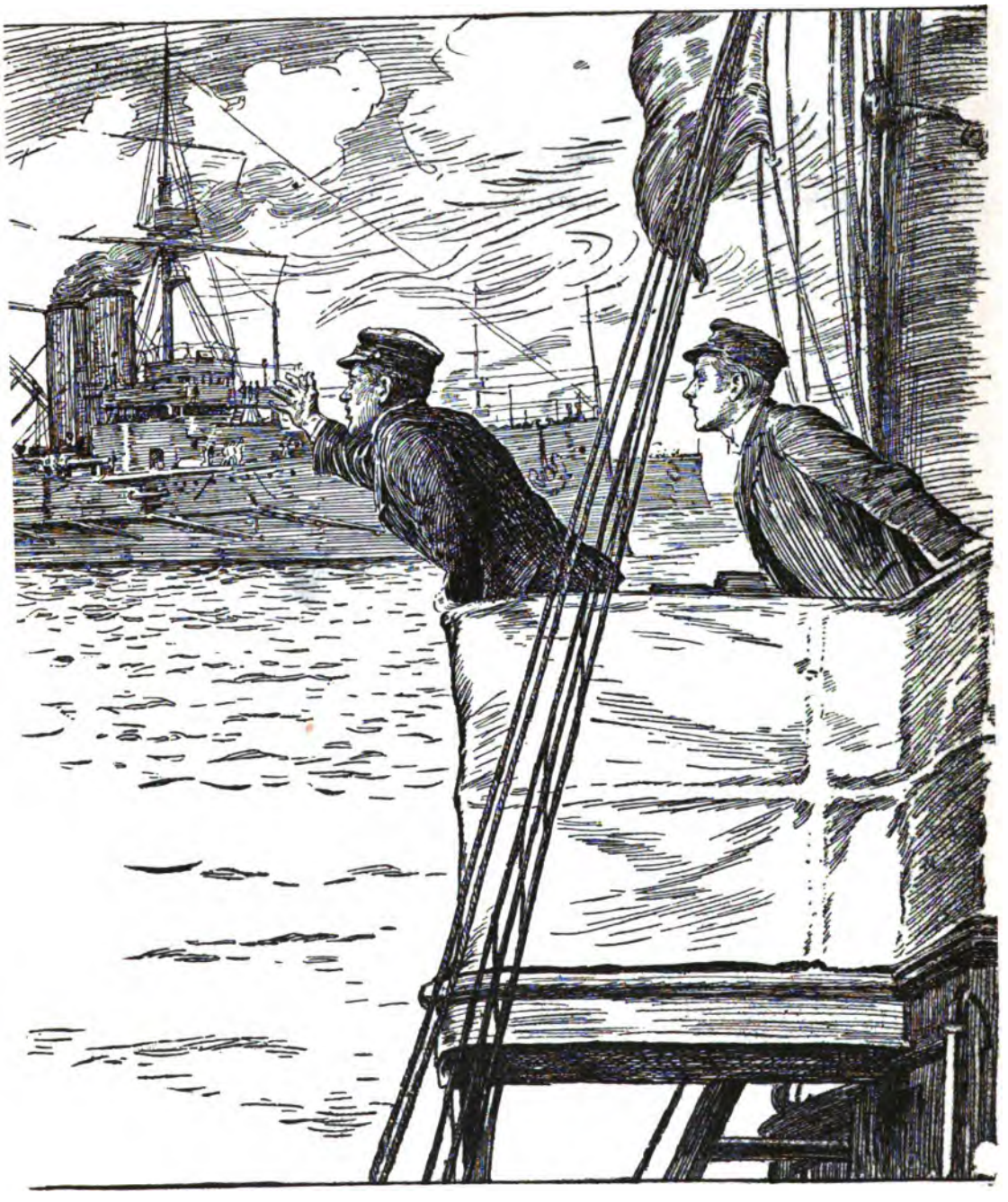
THE RETORT

WHEN the first lieutenant of his Majesty's ship "Revenge" was going the rounds of that vessel before the battle of Trafalgar, to see that all was in readiness, he came upon a sailor kneeling with clasped hands beside one of the cannon. "So you are afraid, are you, man?" sneered the lieutenant. "Afraid?" said the sailor, laughing, "I was just praying that the French cannon balls may be divided like the prize money is." "How is that?" growled the lieutenant, while the sailors gathered around, not daring to laugh aloud, but smiling to each other. "The officers get most of it," was the sailor's retort.



THE RESCUE

DONALD and Duncan were the twin sons of a Scotch sea-captain. One day they were drifting about the bay in their catboat when they came upon a yacht which, for some reason, had been abandoned by her crew. The boys hailed her several times, but had no response. Finally they boarded her and found her deserted. Suddenly Duncan shouted, "Look, look, Don!" And there, coming into the bay, were two great battleships. "They'll tow us into port," said Don. So the boys shouted and waved their hands frantically. At last from the nearer battleship, "Ship ahoy" came. And soon the yacht, with her two young rescuers still on her deck, was made fast to the stern of the "Blake" and towed ashore. The owners of the deserted yacht were very grateful to Donald and Duncan.



A HARD TASK

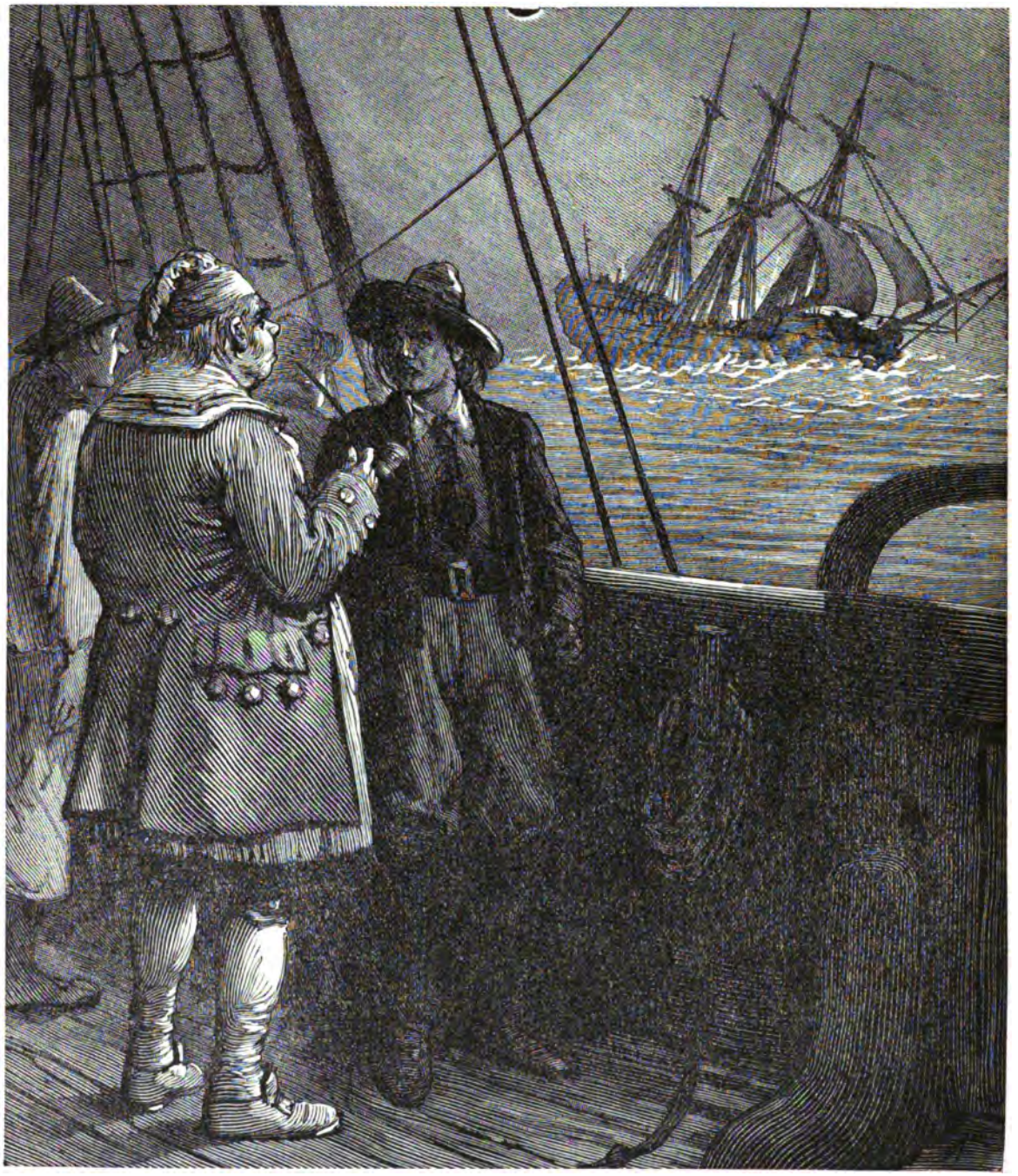
THAT very fall when Donald and Duncan rescued the yacht they saved another ship. It was a stranded coast liner whose passengers and crew had been taken on shore. But the ship was in danger of going to pieces on the rocks. "The tide's at ebb," cried Don. "I'll climb on board and throw a rope down to you. You make it fast to the stern of our boat, and perhaps if we pull hard we can clear her from the rocks." Duncan rowed to the ship. In a few moments Don was over her side, had thrown a rope into the boat beneath and was back again with his brother. "Now row," he cried sharply, pointing to the ship, "we'll get her off." And that is what those two brave boys did, helped by the rising tide. It was hard work, but little by little the ship swung clear of the rocks.

A HERO

ONE summer afternoon fire broke out on a little harbor steamboat. Her pilot was a young man, named John Maynard. The captain called from the forward deck where he had gathered the passengers and crew, "How far to land?" "Half a mile," answered Maynard. "Can you make it?" cried the captain. "I'll try, sir," was the pilot's reply. On and on swept the flames. The stern of the boat was wrapped in them. But the pilot stood at his wheel. And still he stood there choked by smoke and scorched by flame, when the boat was beached, and every man, woman, and child was saved. Then brave John Maynard, his heroic deed accomplished, fell lifeless beside the burning wheel.

THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN"

"I KNOW the story of the 'Flying Dutchman' is true," said Mynheer Van Vleet, "because I saw her once myself. We were rounding the Cape of Good Hope," he went on, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I was standing with the captain by the lee rail. Two seamen were beside us. The sea was as smooth as glass, and there was hardly a breath of wind. Suddenly a great ship hove in sight. Her foresails were drawing as if the wind blew a gale, and the waves were dashing almost over her bow, although the water around our ship was at a dead calm. We hailed her, but received no reply. I didn't expect any. 'It's the "Flying Dutchman,"' I said to the staring captain. When I looked again the other ship had disappeared." "And did you have bad luck?" I asked Van Vleet, remembering the tradition. "That was the time my ship was wrecked," he answered.



THE WRECK OF THE "APOLLO"

LONG, long ago, the British man-of-war "Apollo" struck on a reef off the coast of Portugal. The storm was terrible. Great waves swept over the vessel. The sails were stripped from the masts and blown away, and the heavy cannon, broken from their fastenings, were hurled about the decks, adding a new terror to the awful scene. The crew made rafts and tried to reach land on them, but one by one they were lost in the terrific seas. And the attempts made by the people on shore to launch a boat were for over two days unsuccessful. But the third day, one reached the wrecked ship and took off the few men who were alive. Before they came to the shore the hull of the vessel broke completely. So perished the good ship "Apollo."

A PLUCKY DEED

"YES, sir," Tom used to say, "it was the pluckiest thing I ever saw done. We said then he'd make his mark. And he has. To-day he's Rear-Admiral Lucas. You see 'twas this way. I was just ready to fire when a great shell from the fort at Bomarsund crashed down beside us on the 'Hecla's' deck. And its fuse was blazing away. The men were too scared to move. But young Midshipman Lucas rushed across the deck and picked up that burning shell and hove it into the sea. It exploded out there. But of course it didn't do us any harm. And Midshipman Lucas got the Victoria Cross for that in 1856, the first one that was ever given to any man."

THE "SANTA PAOLA'S" VICTORY

"SHIP ahoy," called the captain of the Spanish galley, "Santa Paola," to an English brig nearing Gibraltar. But the brig paid no attention, crowding on all sail to reach port. "Row, row," cried the taskmasters of the Spanish ship, lashing with their whips the galley slaves chained to the oars. The poor captives strained with all their might and soon the pirate ship was upon the brig. Shot after shot was sent from the brass cannon in the galley, until the sinking English ship was forced to strike her colors. So, centuries ago, back and forth over the Atlantic and Mediterranean seas cruised the war galleys of Spain, capturing and plundering the ships of all nations.

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